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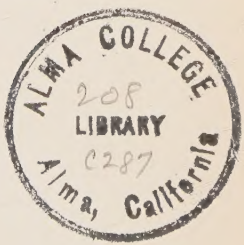

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CONFESSIO VIATORIS.

Unum scio, quia cæcus cum essem, modo video.

By C. Kegan Paul.

In my early childhood I knew of no church other than that in which my father ministered, and was vaguely conscious that from it there were some dissidents. These were spoken of in the county as Ranters, in the town as Wesleyans and Quakers, the only sects with which I was, however slightly, brought in contact.

The village in which we lived was in the Somersetshire coal-field; the fabric of the church was disgraceful, but no one had dreamed of restoration, the communion-table was a plain four-legged piece of carpentry without a cover, such as might have stood in our kitchen, the whole Service, when there was no Communion, was read in the desk, the Sacrament was administered about four or five times in the year; the surplice was a full white gown unrelieved by any stole or scarf. My father's reading of the prayers was grave and dignified, his doctrine old-fashioned orthodox, his sermons moral essays far over the heads of his congre-

gation, his parochial ministrations above the average of those days.

We were wont to move into the neighbouring city of Bath for the winter, where we attended the Octagon Chapel, later Margaret's Chapel, and, on very rare occasions, the Abbey. I believe my elders found something in the Services which aided their piety, but I remember nothing which helped my own. I loathed church-going, but was not an irreligious child. My mother always prayed with her children, and till long after I was grown up always came to me after I was in bed and read me a chapter in the Bible. This nightly reading is among the happiest memories of my youth.

In Bath there were still persons who retained some of the traditions of the High Churchism of Queen Anne's time, and we learnt from them that it was an old and pious use to attend Services on Wednesday and Friday. There was even one chapel attached to an hospital for old men which retained daily prayer. There also lingered the tradition that it was well to practise some self-denial in Lent. An old physician who was very kind to us as children then gave up snuff, and it was the only season in which we could approach him without sneezing.

The first time I was conscious of a dignified Church beyond the Anglican, and no mere body of Dissenters, was when my mother went one Holy Thursday to the Tenebræ Service at Prior Park, and gave me an account of it. She had made acquaintance, how I do not know, with a certain Father Logan, who preached the Three

Hours' devotions on that occasion. I think my mother went to Prior Park at times for some years, and all that she told me impressed me deeply.

This was first when I was about ten years old, and then also, or soon afterwards, I found in my father's library a work called *Downside Discussions*, and read it with profound interest, though as may be well imagined, with little understanding. Some Protestant controversialist had challenged the Downside Fathers to a public argument on the points of difference between Rome and the Protestant Churches, and, strange to say, the challenge was accepted. A public disputation took place, and the matter ended as such encounters usually end, without apparent result. I do not remember any details, but it was clear to me that the Protestant champion had not answered all that was said on the other side.

When I was twelve or thereabouts, two books fell in my way which would have done much to make me a Catholic had there been any one to guide me ; but the impression left on me by them was quite indelible. One was the well-known tale, *Father Clement*. In his recently published life of Mr. Philip Gosse, the naturalist, his son, Mr. Edmund Gosse, tells us that the reading of this work gave his father the strong abhorrence of Rome which remained with him all through his life ; and no doubt such was the effect intended by the author.

On me the influence was quite the other way. The Protestant clergyman in the book, a Presbyterian, but put forward as a type of a Protestant minister, is asked where was his Church before the Reformation. His

answer is at once so evasive and so fatuous that it was, to me, impossible to accept it for a moment, while the practices of piety inculcated on the young Papists, and held up for scorn, such as veneration for the saints, fasting, the sign of the Cross, &c., seemed to me meritorious, or at least perfectly innocent. And in so far as the hero, Father Clement, had Protestant leanings, he appeared to be leaving the more for the less worthy course.

The second book was *The Nun*, published anonymously, but known to be written by Mrs. Sherwood, the author of *The Fairchild Family*, *Little Henry and his Bearer*, and other books of a vehemently Protestant character. It is of high literary merit, and is far more true to fact than *Father Clement*. Subtracting certain absurdities of nuns kept in dungeons for heretical opinions, and secret meetings in underground chapels, when the Bishop urges putting a recalcitrant nun to death; "when a limb is affected with gangrene, my daughter, no ideas of false compassion should prevent our cutting it off;" convent life is not ill-described, as seen through distorted spectacles.

This book had been given to my mother by her dearest friend, and for that friend's sake it always lay on a table in her room. I read it for its literary charm, till I knew it almost by heart, and here again my sympathies were wholly with the orthodox Nun Annunciatia, the Abbess, and the Bishop, who were not, I was sure, guilty of the deeds attributed to them, rather than with Pauline and Angelique, who escape in the Revolution troubles to become wives and mothers. But there was no one to

deepen these vague impressions ; and Roman priests and nuns, however interesting, were much like the characters in my fairy tales, denizens of a world into which I never expected to enter.

From the age of eight, when I went to a private school, till my entrance into Eton at thirteen, my school-life had little influence on my religious life. Such as it had was harmful. Crossman's Catechism, which we learnt, is to me now a mere name. The head master and his wife, who gave us religious instruction, were cruel in temper and disposition, so that many of us were set against all that came from them, though I have no doubt they meant to teach us aright.

At Eton much was changed. There, for the first time, I heard a chanted "Cathedral Service," and week-day prayers in church without the weariness of a sermon ; there, in 1841, such of us boys who were inclined to think, and who read the newspapers, became conscious of the great stir in Church matters which was going on at Oxford ; a few of our masters were falling under the influence of the new theology, and this could not be without its effect on the boys.

It had its bearing on our minds, but to an extremely limited extend on our lives. There are lads who, by the grace of God, have in them a natural and ingrained purity of soul, and a revolt from every wrong word and deed, an instinct against evil, which preserves them in ignorant innocence through the perils of boyhood ; but as a rule an average English lad is neither ignorant nor innocent. When he ceases to say his nightly prayer at his mother's knee, there is no one who enforces on him

the connection between religion and morals; no one, except from the distant pulpit, ever speaks to him of his soul; no one deals with him individually, or attempts to help him in his special trials. A father is, as a rule, shy of his son, tutors are apt to treat all moral transgressions as school offences, and are unwilling to see what is not forced on them, so that the boy's soul shifts for itself, and for the most part fares badly. I can truly say that for the five years I was at Eton, between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, no one ever said one word to me about my own religious life, save always my mother, but she could know nothing of a boy's dangers, and was as one that fought the air.

But as a mere matter of intellectual opinion, Church questions were extremely interesting. The *Christian Year* became known to me almost by heart; it, and still more the *Lyra Apostolica*, Miss Sewell's books, and among them especially *Margaret Perceval*, put before me the Anglican Church theory, which I accepted with eagerness; nor was my pleasure and acquiescence in it disturbed even by the caricature of it which I found in *Hawkstone*, a foolish and impudent book, though written by a very able man, Miss Sewell's brother, the Rev. William Sewell, soon to become my tutor at Exeter College, Oxford.

I went to Oxford prepared to be a very High Churchman, and matriculated at Exeter, then a High Church College, the Rev. Joseph Richards being Rector, and Sewell senior tutor. A first cousin, who had obtained a scholarship at Trinity the year before, was already among the very highest of high undergraduates, and

I became intimate also with a set of Christ Church students greatly under the influence of Dr. Pusey; so that on the religious side of Oxford life there was much to affect me.

My most intimate friend among the more thoughtful men in College, had brought up to Oxford far more definite Church tradition and practices than I. Had Sewell not been my tutor, I should have been, no doubt, wholly and completely a member of the High Church party; but no man ever made a serious cause more ridiculous than he. To a minute and scrupulous insistance on ritual, as then understood, and a burthensome and penitential life urged on all without reference to previous training or individual fitness, he joined a distrust and horror of Rome that were comic in their exaggerations. It was said that, like the old lady in *Cranford* who rolled a ball under her bed each night, and only when it came out on the other side, was sure no burglar was concealed there, Sewell looked in the same hiding-place to find a Jesuit; and it is certain that even Eugène Sue's belief in the machinations of the Society was not more intense than his.

The set with which I mainly lived was not a religious one, but rather the cricketing, boating, and riding set, men of good morals for the most part, but who were in no degree devout. In more serious hours, however, my sympathies were all with the High Church party. I was careful to attend any church at which Dr. Pusey was announced to preach, read Newman's sermons to my mother and sister in the vacations, and, unknown to my Oxford friends, endeavoured to do some little dis-

trict visiting among the poor, in a fitful way, under the direction of the Rev. William Knott, Fellow of Brasenose, afterwards Vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds.

In my third year I knew well a lady living in Oxford, who was herself in the habit of going to confession to Dr. Pusey, and was by her introduced to him. He invited me to see him, and I came to know him fairly well, but was never attracted by him, and should not have dreamt of making him my confessor or my familiar friend. The lady in question, much to her husband's annoyance, fitted up an oratory in her house, in which she had strange Services, more Roman than Anglican, but I never attended them, nor could I enter into her feeling when on meeting her one day in the street, she said, "Oh, my dear friend, the Father (Pusey) tells me we may not go to Rome." I assured her that I had no intention of going, but that, if I had, the Father's saying I was not to go would have no great weight with me. I am afraid she never forgave me, though I remained an intimate friend of her excellent husband rather than of herself during the remainder of my Oxford career.

In my vacations, more than in Oxford, I saw the High Church party at its best. Much of my time was spent with the family of a member of my College. They indeed "lived the life," holding much Catholic doctrine, adopting many Catholic practices with a simplicity, earnest piety, and thoroughness very beautiful to witness. The eldest daughter was then an intimate friend of Miss Sellon, taking much interest in the attempt at the revival of Sisterhoods in the Church of England, and is now a Catholic nun of the Order of St. Dominic. The

remainder of the family are still satisfied with their half-way house. I should probably have been more closely identified with them and their opinions but for the influence on my life of one of the most remarkable personalities I ever met, who drew me off for some years in quite another direction.'

This man was Charles Kingsley. When I first knew him he was about eight or nine and twenty, in the full vigour of his manhood, and had just become celebrated among us young Oxford men by the publication of *The Saint's Tragedy*. I first met him at a breakfast given by his old schoolfellow, Cowley Powles, one of our Exeter tutors. Kingsley and I, Powles being engaged with his lectures, walked to Iffley on that morning, and the geniality and versatility of his nature impressed me as I had never been impressed by any other man, save one who in a degree resembled him in his enthusiasm and high-bred courtesy, James Brooke, Rajah of Sarāwak.

Kingsley had come to Oxford to see some young men who were intending to take Orders, one of whom might serve him as curate at Eversley. He selected one of my old schoolfellows, whom I visited in the following summer. The curate's lodgings were limited in accommodation, and I had to sleep at the village inn. We dined with the Kingsleys on the first evening of my stay, and early next day I received a note characteristically dated, "Bed, this morning," asking me to transfer myself and my baggage to the Rectory. I did so, stayed weeks instead of days, and for some years thereafter Eversley Rectory became to me a second home.

A large part of Kingsley's character, and a charming description of his life, is given in the Memoir by his widow. The defect of the book is explained by the fact that it was written when the sense of her bereavement was very recent, so that the work is pervaded by a certain solemnity and gloom which were quite alien to the nature of the man as his friends knew him. No doubt like most persons of exuberant temperament, Kingsley had his moments of deep depression, and he was towards the end of his life a disappointed man, but at the time of which I speak he was characterized by a sunny joyousness, an abounding vitality, and a contagious energy which were most attractive. He was in no sense a learned man, nor a sound scholar, nor a deep theologian, nor a well-read historian; he knew more of science than of all these put together, yet was not really scientific. But on almost all subjects conceivable he had read enough to talk brilliantly, without any inconvenient doubt of his entirely sufficient equipment.

To young men, still in course of formation, this corruscating person, ten years older than ourselves, but young in mind, and a born leader of men, came as a kind of revelation. We had never met any one like him, nor indeed have I ever since encountered any one so impressive to the young. What was most attractive to me, and of course not to me alone, was that this man, so varied in knowledge and so brilliant in talk, athletic in habits and frame, a first-rate horseman, keen sportsman, good quoit player, was also a man of prayer and piety, filled with a personal, even passionate, love to

Christ, whom he realized as his Friend and Brother in a fashion almost peculiar to the saints.

His reading of the Bible, whether at family prayer, or in church sounded like a true message from God; his sermons, thoroughly unconventional, written in admirable English, were vigorous, reverent, and inspiring. He knew every man, woman, and child in his scattered parish, and, with less effort than I have ever seen, with less sense of incongruity, could pass from light badinage in any casual meeting to deep religious talk on the state of his interlocutor's soul. He was, theology apart, the ideal pastor of his people, living among them and for them, rarely in those days going beyond the bounds of his parish, wholly devoted to what he believed his divinely given work.

In his opinions Kingsley belonged to what was called the Broad Church school, though he disliked the term, and never would allow it to be used. The Athanasian Creed was not recited in Eversley Church in those days, though Kingsley joined a society for its defence towards the end of his life, and the absence of anything which now would be called ritual was remarkable.

I remember that when the curate preached, and Kingsley's part of the Service was over, he was wont to put off his surplice, and take his place in his usual dress in the pew under the pulpit by his wife's side. When the sermon was ended, he would stand up there in the pew and give the blessing in his cut-away coat, without vestige of ecclesiastical garment.

But the Services, if unconventional, were reverent, and whatever deductions might be drawn from his omissions,

Kingsley's teaching was sound on the great doctrines of the Christian faith, as expounded in the Anglican formularies. He was kind and tolerant to Nonconformists and their doctrines, and the whole vials of his wrath were reserved for Rome and the priests of Rome. On the Catholic laity he looked with compassion as foolish souls beguiled by liars. In his first novel, *Yeast*, he introduces a priest named Padre Bugiardo.

A man of this vehement and vigorous nature could not but have great influence on young men. My own desire for many years had been to take Orders in the Church of England. But my career at Oxford had brought doubts about religion, still more about my own fitness for the work; the High Anglican theory had broken down, and with it had gone much of my childhood's faith, no authoritative interpretation of Scripture had ever been presented to me, and I was attracted by the plausible ingenuities of German criticism. I began to wonder whether there were indeed a Divine message for men, and if there were, whether I had the skill or the worthiness to hear it and deliver it again. The formularies of the Church had come to seem fetters on free research, which, as I now see, means only that each man may think what he pleases.

Kingsley, who mixed with his religion eager democratic politics, a care for the poor which verged on socialism, and a strong hatred of shams, endeavoured, and with success, to persuade such as I, that work brought the solution of all doubts; that not in cut and dried forms of theology, but in a zeal for God, lay the motive power of a parson's work; that if the Church of

England needed widening, it was to be done from within. I was moved with his enthusiasm, and felt with his feelings; to be a parson after his pattern was my aim, and a desire to help my fellow-men seemed as a call from God. My mother had always wished to see me a clergyman, and her death, with the deeper feelings it brought, gave me a push forward in the same direction. I accepted the curacy of Tew, in the diocese of Oxford, and was ordained deacon in the Lent of 1851.

Though Tew was a small parish, the work was considerable. Like most young clergymen of that date I had absolutely no theological training, and the mere duty of preparing sermons sent me to a course of reading which kept me well employed. When I consulted Kingsley on what to read, before my ordination, he advised me to read the Bible, without note or comment, and to let it tell me its own story, and Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ*. That seemed to him sufficient theology for the task, and the Bishop's requirements were hardly more. It is difficult to recall with precision what books were my study in my year and a half at Tew, but it was in a degree systematic and thorough, and gained me some grasp of scientific theology.

The clergy around were High Churchmen, some of them extremely so, and it soon became plain to me, that whatever the doctrinal teaching, the whole work of a parish, to be effective at all, except in the hands of a Kingsley, must be conducted on Catholic lines. And so, putting any deep thought aside under the stress of work, I became a more decided High Churchman in practice, and in some points of doctrine, while in others I

remained latitudinarian. The standard of parochial work was high, and the clergy were kept up to the mark in this by the Bishop. Samuel Wilberforce was never to me an attractive person, indeed I disliked and distrusted him, but there has rarely been his equal for impressing a uniform stamp on the men who came under his sway, and for exacting to the full the tale of mechanical work. As all readers of his Life now know, he was always intensely Protestant, and his gross unfairness to Rome made me more tender to her supposed errors. But in Oxfordshire, as in Somerset in my youth, I knew no Catholics, and the murmurs and airs that reached me from the Church soon died away.

After eighteen months at Tew the work grew lighter; the schools had been organized, the church at Little Tew was built, mainly through me, I knew every soul in the two villages, and wished for a larger parish. The Bishop came to Tew for a Confirmation, and asked me to take charge of Bloxham, a large and neglected village a few miles off, close to Banbury, a charge which I accepted with pleasure.

The circumstances of the parish were remarkable, as showing what was then the state of the Church in some bye-places of England, even in so stirring a diocese as Oxford. The incumbent was ninety years old, but hale and strong. He had been appointed to the living more than fifty years before, in exchange with a man who had died soon thereafter, so that Eton College, with whom rested the patronage, had in fact been kept from its exercise for half a century. His neglect of the

parish had been scandalous; the Communion was administered but thrice a year, on Christmas Day, Good Friday, and Easter Day.

Not long before I became curate, the wine for this rite, which was always set on the table in a black bottle, was unopened. The Vicar turned to the communicants and asked "if any lady or gentleman had a corkscrew"; one in a pocket-knife was produced, and the Service proceeded. The curate was over seventy, but in much feebler health, and not more active than the Vicar. The scandals connected with the Services, and the neglect of parochial visiting became so flagrant, that the Bishop suspended the curate from the exercise of his functions, and made the Vicar place the whole administration of the parish in the Bishop's hands, in consideration of which the Bishop promised not to proceed against him. It was a somewhat high-handed and arbitrary measure, but no doubt substantial justice was done.

On the day my ministry at Bloxham began, the Vicar died suddenly, but as the Provost of Eton at once announced his intention of offering the living to a gentleman who was a chaplain in India, it was clear that six months of work lay before me, and I turned to this with a will. Never did a neglected parish respond so cordially to what was done for it. The Bishop made a great point of my endeavouring to know all the parishioners, to revive the schools, which had dwindled almost to non-existence; he insisted on frequent services, celebrations of Holy Communion monthly, and announced a Confirmation, for which I had to prepare the candidates. The people welcomed zeal, often I fear

without knowledge, and the duties were so incessant that there was no time for thought, or for reading.

At the end of six months the living was filled, and, somewhat overwrought by a spell of exciting and laborious work, I accepted a tutorship to teach two little boys in a family who were going to reside in Germany for at least a year. We went abroad in the late autumn of 1852. I had now settled down into that phase of thought which seemed to satisfy me. I was a latitudinarian in teaching, and a High Churchman in external observances; the controversy between the Churches had ceased to interest me, and there was no reason to suppose I should adopt other opinions than those into which I had drifted. The friends with whom I was travelling were themselves average English Church people, with a strong desire that they, and especially the children, should not lose touch of English ways. We had, therefore, our own Services each Sunday. I rarely strayed into the Catholic churches, either at Carlsruhe, or afterwards at Constance.

I made the acquaintance of no or but few, Catholics, and the tuition of the boys, and my own German studies, left scanty leisure for much else. It was a dreary, stagnant time, in which I found no intellectual companions, and at Constance, in the following spring, a long and serious illness left me weak and prostrate. *Pauci infirmitate meliorantur*, says Thomas à Kempis, and his words were found most true. I began to pine for some real work in my clerical capacity once more.

This came in most pleasant shape. My old tutor became Head Master of Eton, and, always one of my

kindest friends, wrote to tell me that a conductship or chaplaincy at Eton was vacant, which might be mine for the asking. This involved Services in the College chapel, and also the curacy of the parish. I accepted the work gladly, and entered on it in the autumn of 1853. My tutor had wished this chaplaincy to be a stepping-stone to another post, which he was soon able to offer me in conjunction with it; that of Master in College, in which I was to have the supervision of the seventy scholars on the foundation, my rooms adjoining and communicating with the boys' buildings.

In dealing with this task, very arduous, but at the same time one of exceeding interest, the necessity of one of the main practices of the Church soon became manifest to me, though I was far from grasping all that it meant. To direct a boy's conscience, to aid him to resist sin, to gain his confidence, without any fear that his transgressions would be considered as school offences, and with a certainty that all he said was absolutely inviolable, it was necessary that something very like confession should enter into the relation between many of those entrusted to my charge and myself.

It was certainly a help such as they had never had before, one for which I had sighed in vain in my own school days, but even when I saw the blessing I recognized only the human side of it. It was a relief to tell another person all the actions and all the thoughts which interfered with a holy life, and the fact that the recipient of the tale did not turn away, but rather gave sympathy, advice, and consolation, became a sign and pledge that God, more loving than man, would not

reject the penitent, and induced those who might have despaired or become hardened, to cast themselves on the mercies of God. But there was in all this no belief and no teaching of true sacramental confession, itself the access to God, followed by valid absolution ratified at the time in Heaven, thus, and thus only, communicated to the sinner.

There were those among the authorities, both Fellows and Tutors, who objected strongly to the influence I gained over some of the boys, and to my supposed High Church teaching and practices, but the Head Master gave me his full sympathy, and his entire sanction for coming as near to the administration of the Sacrament of Penance as in my position, and in my ignorance, it was possible to come.

But I was far from being a High Churchman in creed. Neologian criticism, which I read more and more, took increasing hold on me, and I had got completely on the wrong path. The traditional teaching of the Church once set aside, or rather never understood, the student necessarily dwells on the human, to the exclusion of the Divine, element in Holy Scripture, and wanders in the Bible like the Ethiopian servant with no man to guide him. My reading taught me to minimize dogmatic teaching, to hold the least possible doctrine compatible with a love for a somewhat stately ritual, chanted Services, and frequent celebrations of Communion, in which pious remembrance of Christ's Death, for it was to me no more than this, there seemed for myself and others great help towards a spiritual life.

The work among the boys was thoroughly happy.

Some of those who had been at the head of the school when I was first appointed Master in College returned to work as Assistant Masters, and with these I lived in pleasant, elder-brotherly intimacy.

But the Head Master became Provost, and I was not on the same terms with his successor; the rooms appointed for the Master in College were no longer suited to the needs of my family: it was necessary to think of a change.

A College living in Dorset was offered to, and accepted by me, and I left Eton once again, with regret for the past, and hope for the future. I remembered Kingsley's happy work at Eversley, and hoped to carry it out in my own sphere. He, however, had believed with all his might the faith he professed, I was soon to find doubts and perplexities at every turn.

The chaotic state of parties, dogma, and discipline in the Church of England was forced at once on my attention. For many years, up to about four before the time of which I am now speaking, the Vicar had been non-resident, and the curate in charge was a pronounced, even extreme, Low Churchman. On the death of the Vicar, the living fell into the hands of a very prominent member of the ultra-Tractarian party, who at once established daily Services, and ornate ritual, restoring the church well, and contradicting in his every word and deed the teaching and example of his predecessor, who moved only to the next parish, and did all that in him lay to neutralize the work of the new Vicar.

When this gentleman was preferred to a benefice in another county, the Bishop frankly told me he

wished for no Broad Churchmen, and would, if it were possible, have refused to accept a man of my opinions, which had become known by various essays contributed from time to time to current literature. But as he could not help himself, he trusted I would at least continue the outward character of the Services now fixed in the parish, which indeed was quite in accordance with my own intention.

It struck me, however, as most grotesque that the chief pastor of a diocese should have no voice whatever in the selection of the men appointed to serve under him, no power to inhibit what he considered false doctrine, and should have to appeal to the forbearance and good sense of his clergy to hinder a complete reversal of an established ritual approved by himself. The failure of his attempt to declare Dr. Rowland Williams an heretic, one of the writers in the then notorious volume, *Essays and Reviews*, brought into still greater prominence the weakness of the Anglican Episcopate.

All through the ministrations of three clergymen, Low, High, Broad, the villagers, the farmers, and in great measure the few resident and educated gentry were scarce aware that there were any other than outward differences in the mode of conducting worship; these, and not the doctrines, were points to which objection was occasionally raised, and provided the parson went on the principle of *quieta non movere*, he might preach what he pleased, orthodoxy or heterodoxy, the doctrines of Rome, or Wittenberg, or Geneva.

Yet again, for some years, my doubts were silent,

The work of a parish was once more profoundly interesting, and the social problems which faced the worker in Dorset were so pressing as to throw for a time intellectual problems into the background. The condition of the agricultural labourer, then *adscriptus glebæ* almost as truly as any serf of old; his wages, sometimes as low as eight shillings a week, with a dole of mouldy corn, and, if he were a shepherd, the chance of a joint of "braxy" mutton from a sheep which had died; his cottage, in which decency was impossible, cried aloud for reform, and made a parson who did his work into an agitator rather than a theologian.

Then came the great wave of the Temperance movement in Dorset, and the splendid crusade against drunkenness in my immediate neighbourhood by one of the bravest and best women it has been my lot to know. The Labourers' Union and the Dorset County Temperance Association, added to my parish work, and to the preparation for College of pupils under my roof, made acquiescence possible in formulas, which if they did not appeal to me as absolute truth, seemed at least a plausible statement of all that in this life we could attain to know.

But the Labourers' Union accomplished its intention, raising wages by a dead lift at least two shillings a week, while public light, turned on the cottages, brought about there also a reform. We had done much for the Temperance organization, the parson's social and political work had been carried as far as possible; but meantime faith had not grown firmer, rather it had insensibly slipped away.

It is always difficult to say at what moment an intellectual position, long held with loosening grasp, becomes untenable; it is so easy to acquiesce for awhile, so hard to deny what after all the heart continues to desire when the intellect rejects it: but at last I had to face the fact that I could no longer use in any honest sense the Prayer Book of the Church of England, nor minister at her altars, nor preach a definite message when all my mind was clouded with a doubt. I resigned my living, and came to London to take up a literary life.

Now, for the first time during many years, I was able to consider my position calmly and fairly. While doing my duties as best I could, it had not been easy to realize how completely I had fallen away from the faith. Now, as a layman, with no external obligation to use words in which it was necessary to find some meaning consistent with my opinions, the whole Services of the Church of England seemed distasteful and untrue. The outward scaffolding on which I had striven to climb to God, every sacramental sign under which I had sought to find Him, had crumbled into nothingness. I was in no conscious relation to Him, God had practically no part in my life; though I did not deny Him, nor cease to believe that a First Cause existed; simple atheism is a rare, and perhaps an impossible position. I was content not to know, and to wait.

But in the meantime certain things were abundantly clear. Human relationships exist, the family, society, our country, the race: towards all these we have duties which must be organized; some conception of history,

philosophy, and science must be framed, if not depending on God, at least in relation to man. The system formulated by Auguste Comte had long attracted me on its historical and social sides ; a friend who, in and since Oxford days, had swayed my life more than he knew, had found it sufficient for himself, and he placed before me the religious side also of this grave and austere philosophy.

It is not a paradox, but sober truth, to say that Positivism is Catholicism without God. And it does, after a fashion, give order and regularity to life, inculcates simplicity of manners, aims at a certain amount of discipline, and caricatures, unconsciously, and with some effect, the sacraments, the *cultus* of Saints, the place of our Lady in worship, making of Humanity the ideal woman, the great Mother and Mistress of all.

It should in fairness be said that in this faith, if so it may be called, men and women live high, restrained, ascetic lives, and find in Humanity an object, not self, for their devotion. Like the men of Athens, they would seem ignorantly, and under false names, to worship God. And for myself I may say that I doubt if I should have known the faith but for Positivism, which gave me a rule and discipline of which I had been unaware. The historical side of Comte's teaching still remains in large measure true to my mind, based as it is on the teaching of the Church. Comte had the inestimable advantage of having been Catholic in his youth, and could not, even when he tried, put aside the lessons he had learnt from her.

But Auguste Comte did more for me than this. It

may seem strange, but, till I did so under his direction, I had never read the *Imitation of Christ*. Comte bids all his followers meditate on this holy book, telling them to substitute Humanity for God. The daily study of the *Imitation* for several years did more than aught else to bring me back to faith, and faith back to me.

So long as my Positivism lasted, I brought into it a fervour and enthusiasm to which I had been a stranger, and I was therefore long in discovering that these were unreal and forced. On many Sundays, when the Service was over, I was wont to walk home with a younger friend, whose experiences had been largely my own, save that his loss of faith had arisen from revolt against the extreme Calvinism which had been presented to him in his youth. He also had wandered out into Agnosticism, and discovered that he needed an external rule against the temptations of life, which for awhile he thought to find in the Religion of Humanity. In long walks across the park homewards in summer and winter noons we both found that the fervour of the Services evaporated, and left nothing behind them; there was none of that sense of a power abiding within us, which the Catholic worshipper brings away from before the Tabernacle, even if he cannot always maintain the intensity of devotion which has been granted him during the action of Holy Mass, or in the Benediction Service.

Once more I saw that my soul was stripped and bare, when it had seemed fully clothed. Such also was my friend's experience; and God has given him grace to find, as I have found, the truth after which we both were

seeking. Positivism is a fair-weather creed, when men are strong, happy, untempted, or ignorant that they are tempted, and so long as a future life and its dread possibilities do not enter their thoughts; but it has no message for the sorry and the sinful, no restoration for the erring, no succour in the hour of death.

In the training of my intellect and literary faculty, such as it is, one man had always held predominant sway. Those young men who entered on their Oxford careers towards the end of the decade 1840–1850, found that one prophet at least had gained honour in his own country, even if he had experienced also scorn and rejection. John Henry Newman was a moving intellectual force along with Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, and Carlyle. I came to know the two poets, as I know my Bible, if it be not irreverent to say so, in such a way that after a time I needed no longer to read them, because the exact words surged up in memory when thought was directed to them, and there was no need of the printed page. Ruskin and Carlyle delivered their message, and passed on, but Newman abode, and his intellectual influence developed into one that was moral and spiritual, preparing my soul for the great grace and revelation which God had yet in store.

Like Thomas à Kempis, so Newman, studied day by day, sank into my soul, and changed it. Since Pascal none has put so plainly as he the dread alternative, all or nothing, faith or unfaith, God or the denial of God. I had not denied Him, but had left Him on one side, and now, as it were, God took His revenge. This is no place to explain in detail how in sorrow and desolation

of spirit God left His servant alone for awhile, to clutch in vain for some help in temptation, for some solution of doubt, and find none, if it were not God and the old creeds. It were to lay the secrets of the soul too bare to declare minutely, how each hesitation to submit to what was becoming intellectually clear, was followed by some moral or spiritual fall, as though the Father would allow His child to slip in miry ways, if nothing else would teach the need of guidance.

But apart from the direct leadings of God's grace, and the general effect of the *Imitation* and Newman, it may be well to specify more closely some of the arguments which weighed with me to accept the faith I had so long set at nought.

First, and above all, was the overwhelming evidence for modern miracles, and the conclusions from their occurrence. A study of Pascal's Life, when I was engaged in translating the *Pensées*, directed my special attention to the cure of Pascal's niece, of a lachrymal fistula, by the touch of the Holy Thorn preserved at Port Royal. It is impossible to find anything of the kind better attested, and readers may judge for themselves in the narrative written of the facts by Racine, and the searching investigations by unprejudiced, and certainly not too credulous critics, Sainte-Beuve and the late Charles Beard.

Next in importance were the miracles of Lourdes, one of which, as wrought on a friend of my own, came under my notice. I do not mean, especially in the former case, that these facts proved any doctrines; that the miracle of the Thorn made for Jansenist teaching, or those at

Lourdes for the Immaculate Conception; but rather, that the Thorn must, from its effects, have been one that had touched the Sacred Head, that the spring at Lourdes could only have had its healing powers by the gift of God, through our Lady. It was not that miracles having been declared in the Bible made these later occurrences possible, but that these, properly attested in our own days, and times so near our own, made the Bible miracles more credible than they were before, adding their testimony to that which the Church bears to Holy Scripture. And it was on the testimony of a living Church that I would accept the Scripture, if I accepted it at all, for surely of all absurd figments, that of a closed revelation, to be its own interpreter, is the most absurd.

The books which mainly aided me at this period, when I had accepted, in a more definite way than ever before, the being of a God, who actively, daily, and visibly interposes in His creation, were the *Grammar of Assent*, by Cardinal Newman, and *Religio Viatoris*, by Cardinal Manning. Both works postulate God and the Human Soul, and on that foundation build up the Catholic faith. They are very different in their method, and, perhaps, as a rule, helpful to different classes of mind, but both aided me. The re-reading the *Grammar of Assent* as a theological treatise, and with the wish to believe, was quite a different matter to my earlier study of it on its publication, when I regarded it only as an intellectual effort, interesting as the revelation of a great mind, but not as yet recognizing that it had any special message for me. But in these later days it proved to be the crowning gift of

the many I received from that great teacher, who had been my guide through the years of my pilgrimage, little though I knew it.

It is not possible to state precisely the moment at which definite light came upon my soul, in preparation for the fuller day. As Clough says truly of earthly dawn :—

> "And not by eastern windows only,
> When daylight comes, comes in the light,
> In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
> But westward, look, the land is bright."

About 1888 I had light enough to attend Mass pretty frequently, but even then was not definitely Catholic in my belief and sympathies. There was one of my own family, having a right to speak, who distrusted my evident leanings, not so much from want of sympathy with religion, as from a fear that as my opinions had been so long in a state of change, this also might be a passing phase. I said to myself, whether rightly or wrongly I cannot judge, that a year should elapse before I made up my mind on the question, though I began to see which way it must be answered. This was in the spring of 1889; but so weak is memory that towards the end of the year I was misled by a date, and supposed it had been in the late summer.

In May, 1890, I went for a short tour in France, as I had done for some years past, and a profound sense of dissatisfaction with myself filled my whole soul. In other days the cathedrals, and their services, the shrines and their relics, places of pilgrimage, venerated images, had all been connected with a faith in which no one who

studied the workings of the human mind could fail to take an interest, but they had no relation to my own soul. Now it seemed to me that I was an alien from the family of God, unable to take a part in that which was my heritage, shut out by my own coldness of heart, my own want of will. And as had long been the case, what attracted me most were just those things in the cult of Rome which most offended my companions.

A distinguished ecclesiastic was talking in Rome with a lady who while in England had shown some disposition towards the Church, but lamented that in the Holy City she had seen much that was to her disedifying, and quite unlike the pious practices she had known at home. He replied, "Ah, madame, il ne faut pas regarder de si près la cuisine du Bon Dieu." It was this which interested me and drew me to it. At Tours, the heap of crutches in the house devoted to the *cultus* of the Holy Face, the pathetic agony of the engraving of the same, seen in so many churches of that diocese, appealed more to me than the celebration of High Mass in the Cathedral; the rude image of our Lady at Chartres more than many a fairer statue.

At Beaulieu, near Loches, the end came. We had walked there from Loches, and while my companions were resting under the trees in the little *Place*, and taking a photograph of a neighbouring mill, I remained in the church in conversation with the Curé, who was superintending some change in the arrangements of the altar. We spoke of Tours and St. Martin, of the revived cult of the Holy Face, of M. Dupont, "the holy man of

Tours," whom the Curé had known, and at last he said, after a word about English Protestantism, "Mais Monsieur est sans doute Catholique?" I was tempted to answer, "À peu près," but the thought came with overwhelming force that this was a matter in which there was "no lore of nicely calculated less or more"; we were Catholics or not, my interlocutor was within the fold, and I without, and if without, then against knowledge, against warning, for I recognized that my full conviction had at last gone where my heart had gone before, the call of God had sounded in my ears, and I must perforce obey. But when?

The promise which I had made to myself that I would wait a year was binding on me as though made to one for whose sake I had made it, and the date at which the promise would expire seemed far off. But early in August I discovered that I had been in error as to the time, and that I was already free. On the 12th of August, at Fulham, in the Church of the Servites, an Order to which I had long felt an attraction, I made my submission to the Church, with deep thankfulness to God.

It was the day after Cardinal Newman's death, and the one bitter drop in a brimming cup of joy was that he could not know all that he had done for me, that his was the hand which had drawn me in, when I sought the ark floating on the stormy seas of the world. But a few days afterwards, as I knelt by his coffin at Edgbaston, and heard the Requiem Mass said for him, I felt that indeed he knew, that he was in a land where there was no need to tell him anything, for he sees all things in the heart of God.

Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman communion in a certain exaltation of spirit, but that when it cools they regret what has been done, and would return but for very shame. It has been said of marriage that every one finds, when the ceremony is over, that he or she has married another, and not the bride or groom who seemed to have been won; and Clough takes the story of Jacob as a parable representing this fact. We wed Rachel, as we think, and in the morning, behold it is Leah. So the Church bears one aspect when seen from a distance, *ab extra*, another when we have given ourselves into her keeping.

But the Church is no Leah, rather a fairer Rachel than we dared to dream, her blessings are greater than we had hoped. I may say for myself that the happy tears shed at the tribunal of Penance, on that 12th of August, the fervour of my first Communion, were as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the Mystery of the Altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, our Lady more tender, the great company of saints more friendly, if I dare use the word, my guardian angel closer to my side. All human relationships become holier, all human friends dearer, because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships and the friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church, but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all. May He forgive me that I so long resisted Him, and lead those I love unto the fair land wherein He has brought me to dwell! It will be said, and said with truth, that I am very confident.

My experience is like that of the blind man in the Gospel who also was sure. He was still ignorant of much, nor could he fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes, but this he could say with unfaltering certainty, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

THE MISSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE:[1]

its Import for Englishmen and Catholics To-day.

BY DOM AIDAN GASQUET, D.D., O.S.B.

The clouds are lowering somewhat ominously over this Western world of ours. There are signs of troubles and rumours of wars, and almost we seem to see "men withering away for fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world." I think, then, that it is a subject of sincere congratulation for all of us that this year brings to us its consolations and encouragements—its rays of light amid the prevailing gloom. For in this year of grace, 1897—a year which is marked in the history of England by the jubilee of our gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria—a jubilee such as this country has never before known, there falls also the celebration of the coming to these shores of a band of missionaries, sent hither by one whom all ages since his day and all civilized people have united in calling "Great," one who had the especial distinction of being not *great* merely, but of being as good and as holy as he was great. It is no small honour for us as Englishmen to be able to look back on the Pope, St. Gregory, as the apostle of our race.

[1] A paper read before the Historical Research Society, May, 1897.

Shortly there will be gathered together here, in London and at Canterbury, a large number of bishops from all parts of the English-speaking world in communion with the Established Church of this land, but expressly repudiating communion with the See of Rome. Here at once, if the celebration itself is a subject for rejoicing, we touch a point where all feel instinctively that there is something discordant. I recall this in no wish to give pain either to ourselves or to others, but because we are, all of us, I believe, the better for looking facts in the face. I believe, and sincerely believe, that any one who will with coolness and candour review our past as a people must admit this one fact as to Rome: namely, that many of those characteristics and methods and institutions which have made us the dominant people that we are came to us through our contact with Rome and with Romans. And yet is it not true that one of the main features of the ecclesiastical situation in England to-day is the fact that even where some sense does exist of all that we owe to Rome, every effort is made to minimize the obligation, so that the people at large shall not recognize that fact? With the many, it goes without saying, even the sense of any such debt does not exist, and is replaced by feelings of repulsion and distrust. How has this come about? The causes are many: some great, some small; but there is one cause which I think it is highly important not to lose sight of. Just as it has now become almost a commonplace, as Macaulay with his vast knowledge of literature long ago recognized, that the feelings of hatred, scorn, and contempt of monk and of friar were not in the mind of the English people, whilst monk and friar were still walking about the country, but were propagated and fostered in subsequent generations by those who had a purpose to serve—so in the case of Rome, until the Pope was excluded by a handful of politicians and a gang of unbridled and mischievous preachers, sowers of hatred and spreaders of calumny, there was no such quarrel between the Pope and the people of England. How many are there, I wonder, of the crowds who mount the steps to that

wonderful chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster—that chapel built by the father of the unprincipled man who cast off the nation's spiritual allegiance to the successor of Peter—how many are there that reflect that those very steps were designed for the mere purpose of recalling that holy spot in Rome, the *Scala Sancta* attached to the Pope's cathedral church? Since those days it has been to the interest of only too many to widen the breach and to deepen the misunderstandings and divisions, whether sometimes by design or sometimes by mere foolishness.

My business here to-night is with earlier times. I am going back at once to the origins of that Institution with which those who are about to commemorate St. Gregory's mission claim to be in continuity. What I have to say will best be divided into three parts. (1) We will take what we know of the origin of the Church in Britain up to the time of St. Augustine's coming; (2) the foundation of the Church of the English and the work of those who in the next century preached the Gospel and built up the fabric; and (3) we will try to see whether the centenary of St. Augustine has not a lesson for us Catholics to-day. In the first part I am going to take as my guide the Abbé Duchesne, whose very interesting paper devoted to the subject is the first article in a recently published volume called *Ecclesiastical Autonomies—The Separated Churches*. I do so because I have rarely seen the matter put so clearly and so simply, and with that charming ease of style to which we are accustomed in his writings. It has the advantage also of presenting us with a view of ourselves taken by a foreigner, and one who has shown that he is really interested in our affairs. I trust he will pardon my liberal use of his essay, for when a thing has been once so well done why should we try to tell the same story in a different way?

The English Church a Colony of the Roman.

"England is of all nations in the world," he writes, "that one whose ecclesiastical origins are linked most evidently with the Apostolic See of Rome. Dense darkness hangs around the earliest days of Africa, of Spain, and of Gaul. A few inadmissible legends apart, we possess no document whatever about the first evangelization of those countries. As a contrast, the history of the foundation of this English Church is known to us first by the book of Venerable Bede, a native writer, conscientious, more learned than any of his contemporaries, and writing only a century after the first missions. Next, by the original letters of St. Gregory and of his successors. We could hardly desire more light. Like all works of the kind, the English mission soon met with obstacles. Time thinned the ranks of the first-comers. It was necessary to send other missionaries, other leaders. In particular from Ireland and from France labourers came into the vineyard of the Lord. It was Pope Vitalian who gave to the English Church its definite organizer in the person of St. Theodore. The English Church, then, is a colony of the Roman Church."

"Such is the point of departure of the ecclesiastical development which issued in the sixteenth century in the Church on which Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth exercised their so-called reforming experiments." The national Church which resulted therefrom "may believe that the changes made in the sixteenth century have brought it nearer to primitive Christianity, but she cannot help facts being facts; and what we know to be her origins make her actual attitude towards the Roman Church so particularly inexplicable. Strictly speaking, we can conceive that Christian communities, able to claim apostolic founders, might found on this circumstance a pretext for particularity, and lay stress upon their antiquity and apostolicity. But as regards England, history stands firm and she is apostolic only if she is Roman.

The British Church and its Relation to the English.

"I know that efforts have been made to escape from this necessary conclusion. I have read with much profit remarkable works on Celtic Christianity to which distinguished members of the Anglican clergy seek to link their actual establishment. What they have done to throw light on the history of the ancient British books and usages is certainly very meritorious, but it would be chimerical to believe that from such studies a serious argument could be drawn for the discussion which occupies us. The English Church has, it is true, succeeded in the great British island to a Celtic Church, but this succession is purely *one of date*, there is no link between one of these establishments and the other." Or if we must bring out a connection, it may be put thus: "The British Church is not the mother of the English, but only an elder sister, and that a sister who is hostile. There is not even a shadow of a continuity, however feeble."

"But I shall be told that if Anglo-Saxon Christianity is not linked to Celtic origins by the British it is so at least through the Irish. No one is less disposed than I am to diminish the importance of the part played by those holy apostles of the Irish race in Northumbria and other of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms. I feel the deepest respect and (as a Breton myself) almost patriotic pride for the venerated figures of Aidan, and Finan, and Colman, and Cuthbert. I recognize what these have done for the evangelization of England after the disappearance of Augustine and Paulinus. But is it possible to deny that their efforts were absorbed in the general movement starting from Rome and Kent? The English Church never recognized in them its real directors. Missionaries full of zeal, illustrious as ascetics, preaching by their example even more than by their word, they have been and ever will be venerated by the Christians of England. But there was innate in these English, though yet undeveloped, that spirit of order which still distinguishes their descendants: and between

the Irish enthusiasm and the Roman discipline they did not long hesitate."

Hierarchical Relations of the British Church.

"But let us admit for a moment that links uniting the Church of England to the earlier Church of the British be historically demonstrable, instead of being, as they are, historically inadmissible. What do we know of the history of the British Church, and especially of its hierarchical relations? Very little. For the first three centuries there is nothing; unless, indeed, the martyrdom of St. Alban at Verulam and of Aaron and Julius at Caerleon are assigned to a persecution earlier than that of Diocletian.

"In the fourth century three British Churches were represented at the Council of Arles in A.D. 314. In 357 the British bishops protested against the introduction of an Arianizing creed. In 359 several of them were at the Council of Rimini, where, if they doctrinally compromised themselves in company with others, they gave much edification by their poverty and independence of character. In the fifth century, when the Roman secular authorities had already quitted the island, Pelagianism, the author of which was a British monk, gives trouble amongst them, and St. Germanus of Auxerre, designated by the Episcopate of Gaul and by Pope St. Celestine, comes to Britain and brings the clergy to orthodoxy in two successive missions (A.D. 427–429). Palladius, a British or Roman deacon, is ordained bishop by Pope St. Celestine and sent by him to govern the converted Scots. In A.D. 455, a year in which the Paschal reckoning offers particular difficulties, the British Church changes, at the request of Pope Leo, the date previously assigned.

"Where is it possible to see in this series of facts the trace of a special independence in regard to the Roman See? Few as are the historical notices extant, I see in them very clear data as to the relations between the British Church and the Apostolic See. The British bishops in 314 signed the Synodical letter of the Coun-

cil of Arles addressed to Pope Silvester. This letter is very categorical in its terms, for the Pope appears in it not merely as the first bishop of the West, but as the head and superior of the whole Western Episcopate. In the fifth century the Pope is anxious about maintaining the British Church in the orthodox belief and enlarging its boundaries by missionary progress. He takes precise measures for both these objects, delegating and authorizing, for each, definite persons. Having regard to the practice of those remote times and to the scanty nature of known facts, what more can be wanted?

"To escape that Roman superiority, even in its vaguest notions, people willingly take a last refuge in the foundation of the British Church from Gaul as the source also of its traditions. It is, indeed, natural enough that the relations of the British Church should have been the same as those of the Gallican, as without doubt Christians passed from Gaul into Britain. And, if I may suggest probabilities in regard to matters absolutely lost for ever to knowledge, it is likely enough that the hierarchical condition of the British Church was similar to that of the Gallican. Perhaps there may even have been some kind of subordination. Now what do we know about the relation which existed between the Gallican Church and the Roman Church?

"For the time before Constantine the Gallican Church can give us an account of its existence only in three documents and no more. Two come from Lyons; the third from Africa; but the last presupposes writings that come from Lyons. The first of these is the collection of writings as to the Lyons martyrs of the year A.D. 177; the second is the work of St. Irenæus; the third the letter of St. Cyprian, written at the instigation of Faustinus, Bishop of Lyons.

"These writings show the close union that existed between Rome and the Church of Gaul, and in that respect we cannot ask for anything better. The martyrs of A.D. 177 show themselves in correspondence with Pope Eleutherius. They write to him about the Montanists, calling 'Father'—*Pater Eleutheri*—and recom-

mending to him the bearer of the letter, the priest Irenæus, in terms which presuppose previous favourable relations. As regards St. Irenæus himself, who is much mixed up with the intimate concerns of the Roman Church and quite *au courant* with its history, he is perhaps the Father of the Church who of all others has used the strongest words on the necessity of being in union with the Apostolic See. In the middle of the third century the letter of St. Cyprian shows us that if there was grave trouble in the Church of Gaul care was taken to inform the Pope of it. It was considered that it is a question of duty in this matter, and that the right and duty of replacing a bishop who had gone astray belonged to the Pope.

"These facts are ancient and authentic. They prescribe relations which are perfectly clear. Whatever may have been the race with which the earliest Christian communities in Gaul may have been connected, these communities looked on themselves as daughters of the Roman Church. Thus even were we to grant that the Anglican Church stands in some relation with the Church of Gaul—though this assumption is in the highest degree problematical – it would still find itself by its remote origins in the same hierarchical situation as that which appears so clearly by the documentary evidence relating to its real foundation in the time of St. Gregory the Great and by his care."

So far we have come under the guidance of M. Duchesne. We now turn to the immediate question of St. Augustine. There is a simple beauty which fascinates us in the story of the conversion of the English to the Faith. We are never tired of hearing the oft-told tale and of reading over again the pages of Bede and the letters of the Great Gregory which relate to the coming of Augustine and to the accomplishment of the work so dear to the Pontiff's heart. To some no account of the work of these two apostles of our race would be complete without once again picturing the market-place in Rome and Gregory's meeting with the golden-haired English boys, which first led him to conceive the wish to gather so fair a people into the kingdom of the Lord.

Others again expect to be told the story of the landing of the Roman missionaries on the shores of Kent, of the white cliffs of England and of the long line of black-robed monks who, with silver cross and painted banner, chaunting their prayers to the Saints of God, went forth to their first meeting with Ethelbert. Or to some, perchance, the memory of the first turning of our Saxon forefathers to the Faith is irrevocably associated with the thought of Augustine's Oak and that meeting when the proud Roman monk, as they call him, willed not to rise at the coming of the British bishops. I propose to speak of none of these things to-night. I wish deliberately to leave on one side all these cherished memories of St. Augustine's Mission. I know that in doing this I am depriving my paper of what to many will seem to be all the features of chiefest interest in regard to the coming of Augustine. But my desire is, if possible, to get behind all these, the picturesque elements in the story, and to try and understand the dominant factors in all their native simplicity.

St. Augustine's Questions to St. Gregory.

I am not even going—at the present moment at least—to ask you to take this or that view about St. Augustine's personal character or his personal fitness for the work entrusted to him by St. Gregory. This will, I trust, come out quite clearly enough when we come to consider what he did, how he did it, and the results that followed. I have, moreover, another reason for passing lightly over the matter at this point. It is this: any estimate of the personal character of our apostle, except that founded upon his work and the fact that St. Gregory made choice of him for it, must be based mainly—if not exclusively—on his celebrated questions addressed to St. Gregory viewed in the light of the Pope's answers. Now, a writer of great name, and one whose opinion carries great weight—I mean the Abbé Duchesne, at present the head of the École Française de Rome—has rejected this document as spurious and assigns it to a later date. His opinion has naturally influenced a number of im

portant persons, who, without further inquiry, have accepted this verdict upon the strength of the Abbé's words. For my own part, I may say that I think he has not carefully considered the matter, and that his conclusion is based upon an inadequate knowledge of the Church in England during the seventh century and a false notion about the ideas of St. Gregory upon an important matter. This, however, only by the way. In conjunction with my friend, Mr. Edmund Bishop, I wrote some few years ago a special dissertation on this very subject, which was read in Rome during the centenary celebrations in honour of St. Gregory, but many circumstances have prevented my printing it. I have desired to do so quite recently, but the pressure of other occupations has prevented my finding the necessary time. For, such is the exacting nature of historical studies nowadays, that even the lapse of five or six years makes it necessary in a matter such as this to review the whole ground in order to see whether the labours of more recent historians and critics, even on matters apparently remote from the subject, lead to any revision, partially or wholly, of conclusions previously arrived at. Not that I think for a moment a change of views will be necessary in this case, rather I think that the labour of going over the ground again will be spent without any appreciable result. But until this has been done I refrain from drawing any conclusion. In passing, however, I may mention that the matter, although of the highest interest and importance for our national history, has not in this country attracted attention. I am not aware of a single English writer who has shown any knowledge that such a discussion has been raised. To take one instance of a work published only a few weeks ago. In Mr. Plummer's most elaborate edition of St. Bede's history, among his minute and voluminous notes there is not a word upon the subject, or any suggestion that any doubt or suspicion has been cast upon these questions of St. Augustine, and the Pope's replies.

St. Augustine's Policy.

We may now pass on to consider the policy which, as we read the story of St. Augustine's work in the pages of our Bede, we see dictated by the principles upon which he evidently acted. The main lines of this policy are twofold. The first is in reality dictated by common sense, although based upon a complete ignorance of the real facts of the case, or rather probably upon his inability, by reason of his very mental constitution and religious training, to conceive of a Christian people a people injured, it is true —deeply injured —who should so far have allowed their hatred of their foes to exterminate in their souls every scintilla of charity towards these poor pagans, and to obliterate the most elementary dictates of the duty of every Christian man towards his neighbour. Having gained a foothold almost at once in Kent, and having seen the people embrace gladly the grace of the Christian faith, having witnessed the crowds press forward—ignorant crowds no doubt, but manifesting a goodwill which the Divine Grace that accompanies the saving waters of baptism might increase and fructify—having seen all this come to pass, and being thus assured that God's blessing was upon his work, he turned now to secure the co-operation of those who had inherited for generations the Christian faith. By taking part in the evangelization of their traditional enemies they would give a proof of the power of the Gospel teaching and of that glorious generosity which their Lord and our Lord had expressed in the simple words, "Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you, that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven" (Matt. v. 44–45). By taking their part in this Christian work they would have gained a triumph in comparison with which every defeat would have been a victory. But Augustine had yet to find that the Christian Briton would have nothing to do with any work of preaching the Gospel to pagan Saxon peoples; that never Jew looked on Gentile as so common and unclean

as did the British look from their fastnesses in the western parts of the island upon the invaders who had driven them from the fairest and most fruitful portions of their country. Let us turn to St. Augustine's demands. The account as we read it in the pages of Bede seems to some extent at least legendary; but about the main points—the three requests made by the Saint—we may take it that there can be no manner of doubt. As to the keeping of Easter and the administration of baptism, the reasons which prompted Augustine's demands for the adoption of the Roman practices are obvious enough; but we can understand them fully only when we recognize the real point at issue. The Saint had some knowledge of the character and temper of the young converts, and he recognized the need of having no differences in regard to the rites of that baptism which was to initiate them into their new faith, and in the keeping of Easter, the chief feast of the ecclesiastical year—the feast of that redemption which he had come to preach to them. In these two things at least there must be no manifest difference amongst those calling themselves by the Christian name.

Roman in Person and Method.

The British reply on these two points was really determined by their general attitude towards their Saxon foes, but it is highly interesting to have on record a proof of the sturdy practical Roman sense which characterized the apostle of our race. In his attempt to induce the British ecclesiastics to share in the preaching of God's word he failed; and, having failed, he went to work as a Roman, and in a Roman way; for of course the Roman missionary had his method even of evangelizing a pagan people as different from the Celtic methods as was the Roman from the Celt. As I have said elsewhere, the work of the Roman missionary was fashioned on the model by which the Roman military colonies conquered the world. He came to stay, to settle down, to colonize, not to wander about from place to place. It was thus St. Augustine planted the Faith in

Kent, but keeping still all his Roman affinities and attachments, looking to Rome for advice and for help, and cherishing in this northern land the memories of Rome and his sunny home on the Celian. We have the evidence of this to-day—the dedication of his Cathedral Church at Canterbury was Christ Church, or St. Saviour's, a memory of the St. Saviour's of the Lateran, that of SS. Peter and Paul recalled the great basilica of the Vatican and the church of St. Paul without the walls; whilst at Rochester, St. Andrew's brought back the happy recollection of his old home on the Celian, now San Gregorio, the steps of which many of us must have ascended, and the court of which many of us must have trodden with thoughts in our minds which do not admit of expression.

"The English Church," again writes the Abbé Duchesne, "is clearly a colony of the Roman Church. This relation is evidenced even in the material disposition of the buildings and their names. . . . Canterbury was a little Rome; the English Church was a daughter of the great Roman Church—a daughter born a little late, but perhaps more loved for that, and above all more like it than the elder daughter" (p. 5).

To the heart's core Augustine was a Roman, and the ground lines of his work are Roman too. In Kent, then, according to the way in which of old Rome had conquered the world, our apostle settled down to make a pagan people Christian. His Roman sense and the past history of his nation taught him that success lay here, and assured him—and, as the event showed, rightly assured him—that the Faith once firmly established in the realm of Ethelbert—in that realm, small as it was, of that king who was chief among the princes of the conquering Angles and Saxons—the victory for Christ was won. He knew also by his very Roman instincts that the work of building up a Christian people must be carried on all along the line, and that instruction in the Catholic Faith must proceed *pari passu* with the arts of civilization. Amongst such a people, it is true, these could exist only in the most rudimentary forms; but as much as could be done, even for the sake of religion

itself, must be done. The Roman monk missionary succeeded. We have only to open the first page of the most ancient of our country's laws to find in the very first line the record of his work. The Roman juristic spirit animated him, and it was to the establishment of laws that he looked to carry out his plans.

St. Augustine's Work.

We must remember that up to this time, that is, up to the coming of Augustine—up to the time when he and his fellow Roman missionaries introduced the alphabet we now use—there is neither record nor script proceeding from the Anglo-Saxons themselves which give us the least inkling or hint of what they were, of what they did, of what they thought. If we could conceive that at the moment when St. Augustine set his foot on the Kentish shore this conquering race had suddenly and completely been annihilated, with them would have perished all trace of their existence. They would have passed from the knowledge of future generations more completely than the peoples who set up the carved stones in the forests of Yucatan, or the builders of the recently discovered cities of Mashonaland. Let me put it in this way: neither a word nor a letter of their tongue, nor even a parallel to the famous Ben Val, would have survived to this day. It is not a question whether some one else would not have done something if St. Augustine had not done it. The point is, what did he do for our race? In this world fate may be hard, but, put it as we may, we must come back on, or, if you will, start from, facts as they are, and not from a series of alternative "might-have-beens." Startling as the assertion may seem to some, there can be no question as to this fact: that those instincts of order and justice upon which we pride ourselves—instincts which, unless directed and controlled, are hardly a safe usable force in the world—were first fostered by the apostle of our race, the Roman St. Augustine, and, as a fact, we owe the settled national conviction of the all-importance of the reign of law to him.

In Our Laws.

I open the first page of our legal records and read: "Ethelbert's dooms. These are the dooms that Ethelbert the King set in Augustine's days." And, as though to assure me that the laws are really Ethelbert's, and date from Augustine's times, I read in the pages of Bede as follows: "And King Ethelbert died; who besides other good deeds which he did to his people, established also for them, by the advice of his wise men, laws according to the example of the Romans, which, written in the tongue of the Angles, are preserved to this day, and are kept by them."

In these laws is put in the forefront "how he, who should take away by theft any of the goods of either church, or bishop or other (ecclesiastical) order was to be fined." The King's first wish was thus to afford protection to those whom he had received, and by whose doctrine the kingdom had been added to the Church of Christ. To assure me still further that I have here the hand of the Roman Augustine and not the influence of either Gaul or Britain, I read: "The fine to be exacted from him who steals the property of God and the Church is twelvefold the theft, from the property of a *bishop* elevenfold, from that of a *priest* ninefold, from that of a *deacon* sixfold, and from that of a *clerk* threefold." There is no mention, mark you, of sub-deacon or any other order whatever, and for this simple reason, that whilst at this time in Gaul sub-deacons were regarded as in "*orders*," and so were formally ordained, in Gregory's days and for two centuries later the Church of Rome knew only as *orders* these three named in the dooms of Ethelbert—bishops, priests, and deacons. The rest were considered merely as *offices*, and from sub-deacons downward were regarded as simple *clerks* and not ordained.

The author of *The Making of England* has seen something of all this. "It was thus," he writes, "that the spot which witnessed the landing of Hengist became yet better known as the landing-place of Augustine. But the second landing at Ebbsfleet was in no small measure

a reversal and undoing of the first. 'Strangers from Rome' was the title with which the missionaries first fronted the English King. The march of the monks as they chanted their solemn litany was in one sense a return of the Roman legions who withdrew at the trumpet call of Alaric. It was to the tongue and thought not of Gregory only, but of the men whom his own Jutish fathers had slaughtered and driven over the sea, that Ethelbert listened in the preaching of Augustine. Canterbury, the earliest city centre of the new England, became the centre of Latin influence. The Roman tongue became again one of the tongues of Britain, the language of its worship, its correspondence, its literature. But more than the tongue of Rome returned with Augustine. Practically his landing renewed that union with the Western world which the landing of Hengist had all but destroyed. The new England was admitted into the older commonwealth of nations. The civilization, arts, letters which had fled before the sword of the English conquerors returned with the Christian faith. The fabric of the Roman law, indeed, never took root in England, but it is impossible not to recognize the influence of the Roman missionaries in the fact that codes of the customary English law began to be put into writing soon after their arrival. Of yet greater import was the weight which the new faith was to exercise on the drift of the English towards national unity. It was impossible for England to become Christian without seeing itself organized and knit together into a single life by its Christian organization, without seeing a great national fabric of religious order rise up in the face of its civil disorder."[1]

Conversion of the Other Kingdoms.

It would be the greatest mistake to suppose that the efforts and influence of the Roman missionaries were confined to Kent, or practically came to an end with the death of St. Augustine. Their work only began in the kingdom of Ethelbert and in the lifetime of their leader

[1] J. R. Green, *The Making of England*, pp. 221–2.

and our apostle. In truth it was from the Roman missionaries and their allies that from the Cheviots in the north down to the shores of the English Channel the Anglo-Saxon peoples first heard the Gospel of Christ. That is to say, the whole of the eastern half of England, with the single exception of Essex, was first evangelized by the followers of St. Augustine. This in no degree diminishes or detracts from the superlative merits and undoubted deserts of that noble band of Celtic missionaries who came from Iona and in those simple and homely days discovered to our forefathers in the north the depth of Christian virtue and the all-absorbing power of the faith of Christ. But, except in Mercia, it is to be remembered that these Scotic apostles followed in the footsteps of the Roman missionaries who had preceded them.

St. Paulinus.

What are the facts? During the eight years spent by St. Paulinus in the north—that is, from A.D. 625 to A.D. 633—his activity extended as far northwards as the neighbourhood of Lindisfarne. By the Easter of 629 the supremacy of Edwin practically stretched over the whole of Britain. Bede ventures to call it the "Empire of the English" and some faint traditions of the Roman past seem to have cast their glory round the person and rule of the great Bretwalda. An unwonted peace and order reigned in the land from the Forth to the Solent, and under these conditions Paulinus began his apostolate. Although Yorkshire as the centre of Edwin's government must naturally have been the chief, as it was the first, scene of his labours, the Saint's personal work in the spread of Christianity was by no means confined to these limits. He next appears to have turned to the country of our modern Lincolnshire. Here, as at York, a noble basilica of stone, in which he consecrated Honorius to the See of Canterbury, long remained a monument of his apostolic zeal, and an evidence of the firm footing on which he had placed Christianity in this district. Half a century after his death

there were still inhabitants there who remembered Paulinus well and could describe his tall stature, his slight stoop, his emaciated face, his refined features, even his Roman nose, and —though he had been well nigh forty years in England—his hair still black, a Roman contrast to the fair-haired English. His was a presence —so they said—take him all in all, inspiring a veneration, not unmixed with awe.

It was now that having made good his position both in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, he turned his face northwards to evangelize the people of our modern Northumberland. And here his converts were numbered by thousands. When St. Bede wrote a century later the people of the northern countryside still cherished their remembrances of that special time of grace.

It seems to have been a Lent which the now Christian King Edwin and his Queen spent in a royal habitation not far from the Cheviot hills and at no great distance from the island of Lindisfarne, when Paulinus was with them. For six and thirty days the Saint devoted his whole time and his whole energy to catechizing and baptizing. The people flocked from far and near to hear the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. From early morning till late evening the apostle from Rome occupied himself in his Christian labours without remission, baptizing in a stream near the royal residence those whom he had instructed in the Christian faith. In Bede's days, as he tells us—and he knew this part of the country well —this royal habitation had long since been destroyed, but the memory of Paulinus' preaching and of the great harvest of souls he had gathered to the Lord among the simple people of the northern country remained fresh and green.

The eight years of Paulinus' missionary work in the north, although the scenes of his labours were to be ravaged by the Christian Briton and the pagan Mercian, were as full of fruit as they were of promise. The plan was evidently this: To establish Christian settlements from north to south of Eastern England, which at that time was the seat of the dominant powers of the English

race in the island, and this was brought within range of realization through the resumption of the preaching of Christianity in East Anglia (that is to say, our modern Norfolk and Suffolk) by St. Felix the Burgundian in A.D. 631. Brought over by King Sigibert from Gaul, on his return from exile, Felix passed as it were his missionary noviciate at Canterbury. At his ardent wish he was sent by Archbishop Honorius to instruct again the peoples of East Anglia. From Canterbury too, as it would appear, he brought teachers and masters for his own monastic schools, and at his death, after seventeen energetic and fruitful years of labour in the portion of Our Lord's vineyard entrusted to his care, Archbishop Honorius of Canterbury consecrated his deacon Thomas, a native-born Englishman, to the vacant see. Five years later—that is, in 652—upon the death of Bishop Thomas, the Archbishop raised to the episcopal dignity in his place the Kentish man, Berctgils—to whom was given the Christian and Roman name of Boniface.

To Canterbury, again, the Apostle of Wessex, St. Birinus, fresh from Italy—sent by the Pope to aid in the harvest field and specially directed by him to push forward into the inmost recesses of the country, which had as yet not received the preaching of the Faith of Christ—would naturally first turn to confer with his countrymen there and remain in close alliance with them.

Kent a Christian Country.

By the middle of the seventh century, then, when the Faith was with difficulty establishing itself in East Anglia and Wessex, and before its first preachers were being sent into Mercia by St. Finan of Lindisfarne, Kent had become in deed—as well as in name—a Christian country. The new generation represented a wholly Christian people. St. Ithamar, the first Englishman to be raised to the Episcopate, had for some years occupied the See of Rochester, and at the very beginning of the second half of the century, as we have seen, another Englishman—a man of Kent—had become Bishop of

the East Angles. It is not without its interest and instruction to observe that in the country of Kent, in contradistinction to any other Anglo-Saxon kingdom, the work of civilization and Christianizing proceeded in the specially Roman way of the promulgation of laws. I have referred just now to this particular outcome of St. Augustine's mission; but the far-sighted wisdom and, in the result, complete justification of this Roman method may be gauged by this single fact, that within half a century from the first landing of these missionaries from Italy on our English shores—to be precise, in the reign of Ethelbert's grandson, Earconbert—whilst the rest of England was at the best only beginning to claim a part in the Christian heritage, the men of Kent were a wholly Christian people. So great had been the progress of the country in religious observances and in the principles of law and order that Earconbert found himself able not merely to destroy all idols from the land, but by the very authority of the law of the State to impose on all his people, what to the pagan mind must have been most distasteful and derogatory, the observance of the forty days of fasting, under severe penalties against all who should transgress this law of the Christian Church. Such was Kent half a century after the coming of our apostle. "You," says the Northumbrian Alcuin, addressing the men of Kent—"you are the firstfruits, the very beginning of the salvation of the English; in you is the root and foundation of our Catholic profession; among you repose those who in their day were the brightest luminaries of our island, through whom the daystar of the truth has shone throughout the whole of Britain" (Jaffé Mon. Alcuin, p. 370).

The words of Alcuin find in the broad facts of the case their full historical justification.

The Church in Northumbria.

Let us return to the north and briefly follow the fortunes of the Church set up by St. Paulinus with the help of St. Edwin, the convert King of Northumbria.

In A.D. 633 the power of that Bretwalda was broken and his kingdom was ravaged. He himself perished in the battle of Hatfield on October 13, when he was matched against Penda, the pagan King of the Mercians, and his ally Cadwallon, the Christian King of the Britons. It was the old race hatred over again, and this chief layman of the British Church eclipsed his heathen comrade in arms by the ferocity with which he attacked the new-made Christians. "Though he had the name and profession of a Christian," writes St. Bede, "he was so barbarous in disposition and behaviour, that he neither spared the female sex nor the innocent age of children, but with savage cruelty put all to tormenting deaths, ravaging all their country for a long time and resolving to extirpate all the race of Angles within the borders of Britain. Nor did he pay any regard to the Christian religion, which had sprung up amongst them. Indeed," adds our historian, "even to this day (a century later) it is the practice of the Britons to hold the faith of the Angles as nothing, and not in anything to communicate with them, any more than with pagans."

The overthrow of Edwin's power was swift and complete, and it involved the temporary ruin of the Christian missions in Northumbria. St. Paulinus himself conveyed by sea back to her old home in Kent Queen Ethelburga, whom nine years before he had accompanied to the north on her marriage with St. Edwin. Basso, one of the late King's chief officers, escaped with the royal children, and, carrying with him into Kent, as if proofs of the thorough Christian character of Edwin's kingdom, the great golden cross and golden chalice consecrated for the use of the altar, which in Bede's days were still preserved at Canterbury. Paulinus, at the request of Archbishop Honorius, and with the sanction of King Eadbald, filled the See of Rochester, which was then vacant, till his death in 644.

The eight years' mission of Paulinus in the north came to a close towards the close of 633. Mark the date, for it is important if we would understand the course of events in the far north. For a year Edwin's

kingdom was chastised at the hands of Penda and Cadwallon, but before the close of A.D. 634 St. Oswald had returned from his exile in the northern parts of Scotland, and was now in a position to restore peace and Christian teaching to the country. To him belongs the glory of continuing the missions of St. Paulinus in Northumbria. In his early years he had been in exile among the Northern Picts, and had received baptism from the Scotic (or Irish) monks, who were carrying on in these regions the work begun by St. Columba. To these friends of his youth he naturally turned for the religious teachers of his people, hoping by their help to consolidate and build up the Christian Church which Paulinus, during many years of an active missionary life, had established, even as in subsequent years the same monarch completed and dedicated the stone church of York which the Roman apostle of the north had commenced. His first attempt did not prove a success. The prelate sent from Iona was a man rigorous and inflexible, who proposed to his hearers precepts more suitable for the ascetics from amongst whom he had come. In the short time during which he remained amongst them, the people were not found to respond to his teaching—and no wonder. He returned to Iona with the report of his failure, representing the English as a barbarous, stiffnecked, and intractable race.

St. Aidan.

And now, unless I allow myself to be led away by mere personal prepossessions, there comes on the scene a man who, among the many beautiful characters that meet us in the pages of our Bede, stands in the first place. I mean St. Aidan. He come to us utterly unknown, but portrays himself completely in the first words he speaks. He had listened to the report of his brother monk about those obstinate English and, though discouraged in soul by the account he could not make up his mind to give up all hope of a work undertaken for God and charity. "It seems to me, my father," he said, "that you have

been over rigid with these uninstructed hearers, and, contrary to apostolic practice, have not offered them first the milk of milder doctrine, until little by little, strengthened with the Divine Word, they became capable of receiving the more perfect counsels and walking in the higher paths of virtue." In fact, though he knew it not, the heart of St. Aidan had felt that the methods of the Roman missionaries in the field in which the Scotic monks were now called by St. Oswald to labour, were conceived on sound and practical lines. They had proceeded on the plan that these English people must be approached by way of good sense and not by that of mere stern precept if the end was to be attained. Thus in distant Iona, perchance without even having heard their names, the Christian charity animating St. Aidan's soul already laid the foundation for that respect and affection which was to characterize his relations with the Roman monks when he was later to come into contact with them and their works, during the seventeen years of his active missionary life. By his own words, St. Aidan had unwittingly designated himself as the fittest of the Iona monks to enter the missionary field in northern England and carry on the work which St. Paulinus had so nobly and so seriously begun, and from which events had compelled him to retire less than two short years before.

For my part I like to dwell upon such pleasant relations. I believe there are some people who, studying their Bede with blinkers on, love to see in the Roman missions of the South and the Scotic or Irish missions of the North, two hostile or rival "communions" as they call them, instead of seeing, as the plain facts of history will teach every unprejudiced mind, two bodies of men animated by one sole desire—the desire to propagate the one Faith of the one Church of Christ. Roman or Irish, they knew no other, and laboured for no other.

St. Honorius of Canterbury, St. Felix of Dunwich, and their disciples held St. Aidan in deep veneration. James the deacon, St. Paulinus' disciple, never left the charge

committed to him at York. At the baptism of Cynigils, King of Wessex, by the Italian, St. Birinus, St. Oswald, wholly Scotic in practice, was his godfather. It was with St. Aidan's encouragement that King Oswy sought in marriage Eanfled, St. Edwin's daughter, who had been educated in Kent. If she brought with her a chaplain thence and observed Easter according to the Roman computation, whilst her husband followed the Scotic, there is nothing ever so slightly to indicate that this was regarded on either side as a breach of "communion," but only as a legitimate concession on both sides to the prejudice of early associations and education.

But with the death of St. Aidan, in A.D. 651, we soon begin to feel, as we read the pages of St. Bede, a certain tension; and signs begin to show themselves of tendencies, which under given circumstances might break forth into open conflict. Without entering into details, it will here be sufficent to state that the ecclesiastical practices on which these conflicting views arose were the date of the celebration of Easter, and the shape of the tonsure, although the attentive reader of St. Bede can easily gather that there were other influences at work, not connected with matters of religion, or rather of religious discipline, which were the efficient cause of these dissensions.

Controversies.

St. Finan, who succeeded St. Aidan in 651, so far as we can learn from our history, experienced no more difficulty than his predecessor. It was a wrangling compatriot of their own, named Ronan, who stirred up all the difficulty. He had heard elsewhere about the new Easter and another tonsure, and had adopted them. Accordingly, full of his new acquirements, full also of zeal and indiscretion, he attacked the aged St. Finan on the point of his adherence to his customs—customs which the venerable man had been taught in his childhood at Iona, which he reverenced, which he had

practised ever since, and which he had been allowed to observe in peace, without so much as a remonstrance from those who followed the common practice taught them by their Roman missionaries. Ronan's vigour had, it would seem, borne down the opposition of many of his countrymen, and his attacks had led others at least to make inquiry. But this measure of success did not satisfy him, so, paying no heed to the venerable age and sacred character of his fellow-countryman, St. Finan, he assailed the saintly Bishop with violence and ferocity —St. Bede says so, at least.

The rest was what was to be expected. The old man grew obstinate, and would have it that his way alone was right, and other practices were wrong.

It is unnecessary to pursue the course of this controversy, which issued in the Synod of Whitby in 664, and resulted in the retirement from Britain of St. Finan's successor, St. Colman, with his English and Irish friends, thus finally closing the thirty years of Scotic missionary labour in England. The rest of St. Colman's friends of both races remained to accept the common Easter and the usual tonsure. Amongst them were men whose names are held in the deepest veneration in the land to this day. It suffices here to mention one name only—that of St. Cuthbert.

The Age of Fusion and Organization.

It is impossible within the narrow limits of this paper to dwell on the age which succeeded and which may be called the age of fusion no less than the age of organization. Nor indeed is it necessary, for the story stands out plain enough for those who will read it. It was then that all the numerous currents of thought and feeling, which had been poured with such abundance into the rising Church of the English, coalesced ; and, by a natural process of assimilation with the national character of the people, issued in that great and glorious period of ecclesiastical history, the eighth century, beginning with the missionaries whose way had already been prepared by

Wilfrid, and closing with Alcuin, whose name gives the brightest lustre to the Carolingian renaissance. New elements indeed were added, as represented by the Greek St. Theodore and the African St. Adrian. They came to us—but not as apostles from Greece or Africa—and, indeed, not until, whilst doubtless not losing their native characteristics, they had assimilated the Roman spirit with its capacity for organization and its respect for law. So far was this the case—at least with Theodore—that he was ever scrupulous of any deviation from authentic Roman practice, and declared plainly that he would never allow any variation from the decrees of the Romans—that is, in plain English, the prescriptions of the Papal decretals. He even seems—and here perhaps the Greek comes out—to have been more rigid than Rome; and, although the transaction, as described by Bede and Eddius, is somewhat obscure, his reordination of St. Chad, whatever may have been its precise character, shows at least that we have left behind those milder days of Augustine and his companions, the disciples of St. Gregory, and Romans of Rome. The spirit of St. Theodore appears too unmistakably on the one occasion on which, in view of urgent necessity, he did grant a dispensation from following the Roman practice. I notice this by the way, not for its own sake, but because I observe that so many writers are continually endeavouring, in defiance of history, to minimize the influence exercised by Rome over the English Church, and the very Romanized character of that Church itself, simply because they themselves do not like Rome and Romanizing at the present day.

The Historical Influence of Rome.

Let me sum up what I believe to be the historical influence of Rome and the Roman mission of St. Augustine, in the words of Mr. Green, in his *Making of England*.

"Nothing is more characteristic," he says, "of Roman Christianity than its administrative organization. Its

ordered hierarchy of Bishops, priests, and lower clergy, its judicial and deliberative machinery, its courts and its councils had become a part of its very existence, and settled with it on every land that it won. Gregory, as we have seen, had plotted out the yet heathen Britain into an ordered Church, . . . and though the carrying out of this scheme in its actual form had proved impossible, yet it was certain that the first effort of the Roman See, now that the ground was clear, would be to replace it by some analogous arrangement. But no such religious organization could stamp itself on the English soil without telling on the civil organization about. The regular subordination of priest to bishop, of bishop to Primate (and we may add of Primate to Pope) in the administration of the Church would supply a model on which the civil organization of the State would consciously but irresistibly shape itself. The gathering of the clergy in national Synods would inevitably lead the way to national gatherings for civil legislation. Above all, if the nation in its spiritual capacity came to recognize the authority of a single Primate, it would insensibly be led in its temporal capacity to recognize a single sovereign. . . . The hopes of such an organization rested in the submission of the English States to the Church of Rome."

To some these words may seem far-fetched and exaggerated ; but I would ask you to remember that without this influence of Rome making for unification the welding of the peoples, and even nations, in this land into the one English people might have been indefinitely postponed.

A Lesson for Catholics To-day.

I pass away from these things, and do not stop even for a moment to dwell on the glorious days of the eighth century for England, or linger over the names of Boniface and of Bede. For we must hurry on and come to the last point for our consideration. Has all this story of the apostolate of St. Augustine in its far-reaching

results aught to do with us Catholics to-day? I mean, has it any practical lesson for us, who are the heirs of a remnant—a scanty remnant indeed—of the Church founded by the apostles sent us from Rome by St. Gregory, a scanty remnant of those who never bowed their knees to Baal? I trust I shall be pardoned this expression. I do not mean it offensively as regards others. But those who know and realize what is meant by the sufferings under the penal laws, during the centuries when they pressed so heavily on English and Irish Catholics will know well enough what I mean.

Catholics First.

The history of St. Augustine's mission—and by St. Augustine's mission I must be understood to include that of the disciples of St. Gregory, as St. Bede calls them, and of St. Theodore and the rest—it seems to me, has something more than even a lesson for us to-day. It explains to us what we are and why we are. It points out to us the conditions upon which alone we can hope to acquit ourselves not unworthily of the position of Catholics we are called upon to occupy among our fellow-countrymen to-day. If we are worthy of our position, we have to show to the world that we, whilst remaining thorough Englishmen and Irishmen, being English and Irish to the core, represent and alone represent in this country a Church which is not the Church of any other single nation or people, but that which the Catholic or Universal Church is meant to be, the Church which can embrace all nationalities. Let me explain. I must take each of these aspects, (1) Nationalism, and (2) Catholicism, in turn.

First as to nationalism: I am not so young but I can remember the time when the word *nationalism* had a bad sound in the ears of Catholics. Now I am not in the least prepared to deny that there may be a sense in which the idea may deserve all the hard things that have been said of it. But there is no need for us to read much Church history—though there is need to read it

with much attention perhaps —to find that though Irishmen and Englishmen, French and German, Italian and Spaniard have all been Catholics, the Catholicity of each of these races—and by Catholicity I mean strictly religion—has particular notes and characteristics of its own. This fact—for it is an undoubted fact—and its working out seem to me to constitute one of the features of main interest in the history of the Church, since she has become the Mother of the nations. And, may I add, the lesson to be derived from this is not the least important which a study of Church history teaches us. Put simply it is this: as Catholics we do not—and for that matter we cannot—cease to be of our own race and people; and over and above this, one of the great powers of the Church, on its human side, is the coexistence in it, and their interaction, of all these various types of mind and character—various as are the peoples and races of the worldwide Church. It may in truth be said to be one of the essential characteristics of the Catholic Church —indeed the very essence of its idea—that it is confined to no nation and limited to no place.

For us in this land, small minority as we are, outside the great intellectual currents of the country as we are, contemned and despised as we are, it is of the utmost importance, I repeat, that we should not cease to be thorough Irishmen and Englishmen to the heart's core, and should not allow it to be thought possible that we could be swallowed up in any missionary cosmopolitanism. Even to the Church itself we should not be doing our duty were we to divest ourselves of our native characteristics.

I say this much with the object of not being misunderstood in what I am now about to say in trying to put before you the importance of our Catholic profession. Outside the body of English and Irish Catholics in this land, what goes by the name of religion among the people, whether they belong to the Church of England, or are Methodists or Independents or Baptists, no matter what the exact items of their belief may be, is a religion

essentially and exclusively an *English* religion. This is perfectly well understood, and we know it well enough, for it is being always dinned into our ears by many people as the particular virtue of their form of religion. Now, whilst I have no wish to minimize the national side of things, it is evident that an English religion as we find it in this island, and I suppose in the colonies, is utterly irreconcilable with the primary and fundamental notion of the unity of the Visible Church founded by Christ for all peoples and tongues.

We Catholics, then, alone in England, represent the idea of a Church not circumscribed by nationality, but one which does in fact include every nation under the sun. This is a patent fact, and it is a fact in virtue of the communion of all races and peoples and tongues with Rome, and a fact wholly independent of the question whether our beliefs are right or wrong; and it does not require much discernment to see that it was the mission of St. Augustine which specially brought our English peoples into direct and continual relation with that centre where for a thousand years they gloried in finding their spiritual headship. Herein, then, we Catholics in this island find the particular justification of our existence in the eyes of the world. We, and we alone in this land, whether we will or not, or whether others like it or not—we are the witness that the Visible Church is Catholic, that the Catholic Church is a visible body, and that the Catholic Church and the Visible Church is not, and cannot be, the Church of any race or nation, or of any two or three or more peoples, but is the Church of all nations and of all races and of all tongues, is in one word—*Catholic*.

Another View of St. Augustine.

Before closing this paper I must refer once more to St. Augustine's personal character, and the import of his mission. I have tried to put before you one view, and that which I believe to be the true one. Candour, however, obliges me to tell you that there is another opinion

about the personality and position of him whom the men who lived so near his time as the Council of Cloveshoe proclaimed the apostle of our race, and whom they elevated in their prayers and in their reliance on his help to the same rank as Gregory, whom they revered above all. We may conveniently take this other view from the article on our national apostle in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. "Augustine," the writer informs us, "does not seem to have had much missionary spirit. He had not gone far before he returned to the Pope, with a request from his comrades that they should not be compelled to undertake so dangerous a journey." It must be remembered, too, that he "was not called upon to go into an entirely unknown land nor one where Christianity was unheard of," and "thus Augustine came to England neither unexpected nor unbefriended." He "does not seem to have been a man of great energy or decision. The tradition of his monastic training had sunk deeply into his mind. He was beset by small difficulties of organization, and referred to the Pope for instructions. His inquiries of the Pope and Gregory's answers present the picture of a painstaking official who had great trouble in adapting his former principles to the altered circumstances in which he was placed. . . . Nothing that we know of Augustine leads us to rank him as a remarkable man. Bede tells us many traits of Aidan and Cuthbert which fill us with respect for their character. In the case of Augustine he only mentions the miracles whereby he established his prestige. Augustine's questions to Pope Gregory I. show a small mind busied about trifles. . . . We cannot rank him higher than a capable official of the Roman Church."

The writer of this estimate was a Professor of History at Cambridge. He has since risen to high position in the Established Church, and will no doubt be called upon to play an important part in the celebrations being organized in that body in honour of the apostle who is thus belittled; for he is no other than Dr. Mandel Creighton, Bishop of London. I may add that what I

have quoted from will by many be regarded as the scientific conclusions of the historian. Should any desire to see the same put into the common or vulgar tongue, he may find it in the lectures delivered some two years ago by Bishop Browne of Stepney to prepare the minds of Anglicans for the celebration.

Folk-Lore ex Cathedra.

THE inspiring doctrine of man's essential bestiality has no more enthusiastic and devoted apostle than Mr. Edward Clodd. In furtherance of the bald materialism in which his soul delights, he has not merely produced book after book, wherein zeal takes the place of knowledge, and random rhetoric of argument, but has essayed the bold task of upsetting the laws of Nature, as Sir Isaac Newton disclosed them, and substituting others more to his own taste: for he co-operated with the redoubtable Mr. Grant Allen in evolving a new system of Force and Energy, based upon the most gross and palpable ignorance of the subject to be discussed.[1]

It will perhaps seem to many, and those not the worst judges, that the utterances of such a writer deserve no serious attention. But circumstances alter cases, and, astonishing as it may appear, Mr. Clodd now holds for a second term the presidency of the Folk-Lore Society, professedly a learned body, and from the eminence of its chair has delivered a message to the world, which, coming whence it does, may

[1] It may be remembered that the treatise *Force and Energy*, published in Mr. G. Allen's name, was reviewed by Professor Oliver Lodge, who began by remarking: "There exists a certain class of mind, . . . to which ignorance of a subject offers no sufficient obstacle to the composition of a treatise upon it," and thus summarized his verdict on the work: "The attempt is audacious, and the result—what might have been expected. The performance lends itself to the most scathing criticism; blunders and mis-statements abound on nearly every page, and the whole structure is simply an emanation of mental fog." (*Nature*, Jan. 24, 1889, pp. 289, seq.)

possibly assume an authority in the eyes of some to which on no other ground it is entitled.[1]

The key-note is struck in no uncertain tone. "Comparative anatomy has not more completely demonstrated the common descent of man and ape, and the consequent classification of man in the order Primates, than comparative anthropology has demonstrated his advance from the animal stage to civilization." That this is true, we are quite prepared to agree; but it must be added, that if anatomy has done no more than, on Mr. Clodd's showing, its sister science of anthropology can achieve we are very much where we were in the primeval darkness of pre-evolutionary days.

The presidential address before us is devoted to a formal assault upon the position of Christianity, all along the line. The plan of battle is that familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the methods of the self-dubbed scientific school. First, as with an imposing din of cymbals and tom-toms, is thrown forward a cloud of words, sonorous and ear-filling, calculated to strike awe into the hearts of those who, supposing that they must mean something, find themselves unable to gather what their meaning may be.

"The history of superstitions," says Mr. Clodd, "is included in the history of beliefs; the superstitions being the germ plasm of which all beliefs above the lowest are the modified products. Belief incarnates itself in word or act. In the one we have the charm, the invocation, and the dogma; in the other the ritual and ceremony. 'A ritual system,' Professor Robertson Smith remarks, 'must always remain materialistic, even if its materialism is disguised under the cloak of

[1] *Folk-Lore; the Transactions of the Folk-Lore Society*, March, 1896, pp. 35—60.

mysticism.' And it is with the incarnated ideas, unconnected with the particular creed in connection with which it [*sic*] finds them, that the folk-lorist deals. His method is that of the biologist. Without bias, without assumptions of relative truth or falsity, he searches into origins, traces variations, compares and classifies, and relates the several families to one ordinal group."

The enemy being now presumably overawed and shaken, what passes for argument is brought into action, our folk-lorist proving his freedom from bias by assuming as a first principle that God is a myth, and man's immortal soul, or aught beyond brute matter, an absurdity; that religion can originate in nothing but the dreams of savages; and that we have only to determine from what particular dream its various articles have severally sprung.

In a conspicuous instance the work is done thus. The little Italian town of Aricia is known to fame, not only as having been Horace's first stage on his way to Brundusium, but as the site of

> Those trees in whose dim shadow
> The ghastly priest doth reign
> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain.

Here grew the golden bough which served Æneas as a passport to the mansions of the dead. The tree whereon it grew was sacred, or divine, and the priest in charge of it participated in its sanctity. This Pontiff, styled *Rex Nemorum*, or King of the Woods, was always a fugitive slave, who entered upon his functions by killing his predecessor, and terminated them by having the same office done for himself. Here, we are told, we have the origin not only of May-poles, May Queens, Free Foresters, and many

other popular institutions, but of the central idea of Christianity, and of the practices founded upon it. The connection may not seem obvious: Mr. Clodd shall elucidate it.

"The sum of it," he tells us, "is this. The god becomes incarnate in man, animal, or plant, and is slain; both the incarnation and the death being for the benefit of mankind. The god is his own sacrifice, and in perhaps the most striking form, . . . he is, as corn-spirit, killed in the person of his representative; the passage in this mode of incarnation to the custom of eating bread sacramentally being obvious. The fundamental idea of the sacramental act, . . . is that by eating a thing its physical and mental qualities are acquired. So the barbaric mind reasons, and extends the action to all beings. To quote Mr. Frazer:[1] 'By eating the body of the god he shares in the god's attributes and powers. And when the god is a corn-god, the corn is his proper body; when he is a vine-god, the juice of the grape is his blood; and so by eating the bread and drinking the wine, the worshipper partakes of the real body and blood of his god. Thus the drinking of wine in the rites of a wine-god like Dionysus is not an act of revelry; it is a solemn sacrament.'"

It is difficult to treat this kind of thing seriously. The evidence collected by Mr. Frazer, upon which Mr. Clodd wholly relies, is gathered in many regions, from China to Peru; but there is one nation, and that precisely the most important, concerning which we hear nothing. From first to last, we do not meet even with the name of the Jews. Yet, as an historical fact, Christianity sprang from Judaism, basing alike its claims and its doctrines upon those Hebrew Scriptures

[1] *The Golden Bough*, i. 89.

wherein the beliefs and practices, which we are asked to regard as its vital principle, are sternly and relentlessly proscribed. What does it avail to quote a rite domiciled at Aricia, in explanation of a religion which originated amid a people for which such rites were accursed? which, moreover, was fiercely persecuted when it showed itself in the land where they prevailed? If the central dogma of the Christian Faith, and the most august of its rites, were but the outgrowth of immemorial superstitions, and testified to an ingrained craving of the mass of men to indulge in such beliefs, how came it to pass, that their full significance proved so foreign to the popular understanding, as to dawn but painfully and gradually upon it, requiring to be discussed and formulated with extreme and laborious care, and on principles diametrically opposed to those which, we are told, lie at the root of the matter?

We are tolerably familiar with the assertion that dogmas are but artificial shackles, forged by theologians to clog the human mind. We may wholly disagree with such a view, and yet understand what it means. On the other hand, the notion of a General Council of grave prelates, largely Orientals and Africans, solemnly interpreting an Aryan myth, in terms of the Bible, looks as if it came straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*, or one of Mr. Gilbert's masterpieces of topsyturvydom, or was elaborated by the mind of ingenuous youth, which finds no difficulty in accounting for the name of the Roman *Rostra*, by the fact that magistrates used the place so designated, and that magistrates are called "Beaks."

In truth, the achievements of folk-lorists of this stamp remind us of nothing so much as those of unscientific or youthful etymologists, who clutch

eagerly at some superficial resemblance and unhesitatingly build a conclusion upon it, oblivious of all else. If the fundamental doctrine of the Christian Faith were in reality nothing more than one development of a ghastly and obscene heathen rite, how did it contrive to associate with itself the Sermon on the Mount, or the Parables, or the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"?

Under the ægis of "Leviathan" Hobbes, Mr. Clodd scatters about various other illustrations of his general point. Venus and Cupid, he says, were the originals of the Virgin and Child. But was there never a Mother and Son in the world besides these? What is there in common between Venus and a virgin? What has her libidinous boy to do with Him who chiefly excites the hostility of certain "philosophers" as the author of that lofty and austere morality which, even more than the laws of the physical universe, Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Clodd find objectionable?

In like manner we are told that the Pope borne on the shoulders of the Swiss Guard, is but a relic of the divine honours given to Cæsar. Is the old custom of chairing a member after an election to be similarly explained? If not, why not? If the fact that the ancients used water for lustrations, and kept holidays, and danced, is to be taken as a full and satisfactory explanation of analogous practices in connection with Christianity, are we to say that since young Assyrians and Egyptians threw stones, and played marbles, and played truant, while their elders indulged in alcohol, and loved the chase, the men of our generation are mere unconscious copyists because they do the like? Or, that the rites held sacred to the birch, alike in ancient Rome and modern England, do but perpetuate its immemorial

worship, as distilling a sacramental virtue indispensable for boys?

The obvious truth is, that by such methods as Mr. Clodd affects, it is possible to prove anything under the sun. It is no more difficult to trace anything we like to ancient myth or legend, than after the fashion of Mr. Grant Allen to spin an evolutionary pedigree for a buttercup or a robin-redbreast.

Is it not self-evident, for example, that what to superficial minds might appear to be the newest of our *cults*, culminating annually on Primrose Day, is in truth one of the oldest in the world; none other than that devoted, time out of mind, to honouring the Genius, and lamenting the loss of Youth, which, ever inevitable, seems ever premature? Under various attractive aspects, Youth was typified—in Assyria as Tammuz, in Egypt as Horus, in Greece and Rome as Adonis, Endymion, Hyacinthus, or Narcissus. For our own race, it is personified by a figure—confessedly Oriental—of perennial juvenility, the champion and panegyrist of the Young, in name a "Benjamin," essentially an "Adonis," with hyacinthine locks, the creator of *Endymion*—above all, the life and soul of those who claimed to be "Young England," and had their claim allowed. It was this identification with the object deep seated in the hearts of men, that gave him his mysterious power: to counteract which his great antagonist had perforce to associate his own name with the *Juventus Mundi*.

Plain as all this is, the features of the *cult* itself are yet more remarkable. Typical representatives of Youth are habitually transfigured as flowers, and, specifically, flowers of spring. Adonis passed into the anemone; Hyacinthus into the hyacinth; Narcissus into the daffodil. In our land, there could be no

question as to what blossom was most appropriate, for one, pre-eminently, is identified with the vernal season, alike of the year and of human life, with the "primrose path of dalliance," and the "primrose fancies of the boy."

Such an explanation alone can rationally account, alike for the marvellous rapidity with which a seemingly novel doctrine has caught on, and for the precise character of its mystic rites. The "women weeping for Tammuz," spoken of by the Prophet, the *mulieres plangentes Adonidem* of the Latin version, are thus perceived to have been the Primrose Dames of the period.

Again, is it not clear to the meanest intelligence that our national hero, Shakespeare, is but a servile reproduction of the ancient Hercules? The parallel is even closer than that acknowledged to exist between Monmouth and Macedon. Hercules and Shakespeare alike engaged in deer-stealing, the one in Arcady, the other in Arden, and that these are identical who can doubt that compares Virgil's *Bucolics* with *As you like it*—

Forte sub arguta consederat ilice Daphnis,

with

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me?

Moreover, Shakespeare was a wool-stapler, Hercules spun wool for Omphale: Hercules took the world on his shoulder, alike the sphere of earth and of the starry sky; Shakespeare was the mainstay of the Globe Theatre, where were gathered, as the commentator of the year 4000 will not fail to remark, both the *beau monde*, and all theatrical stars: Hercules habitually brandished a club; and this is obviously very much the same as shaking a spear.

It is somewhat curious that Mr. Clodd seems to have but a poor opinion of the Nature Myth theory. The elastic methods followed by the advocates of that "key to all mythologies" are so closely akin to his own, that one might have expected him to regard them with a certain fellow-feeling. Strange to say, he himself suggests that the ease with which an explanation may be furnished upon these principles for anything and everything that has ever happened in history, is fatal to the claims of such a system to serious consideration.

> With a little exercise of one's invention [he writes], given also ability to parody, it will be found that many noted events, as well as the lives of the chief actors in them, yield results comforting to the solar mythologists. [Might we not also add comparative folk-lorists after the type of Mr. Edward Clodd?] Not only the *Volsungs* and the *Iliad*, but the story of the Crusaders and of the conquest of Mexico; not only Arthur and Baldr, but Cæsar and Bonaparte may be readily resolved, as Professor Tyndall says we all shall be, "like streaks of morning cloud into the infinite azure of the past." Dupuis in his researches into the connection between astronomy and mythology, had suggested that Jesus was the sun, and the twelve Apostles the zodiacal signs, and Goldziher, analyzing the records of a remote period, maintains the same concerning Jacob and his twelve sons, while M. Sinart has satisfied himself that Gotama the Buddha is a sun-myth.[1]

Who would suppose that a writer who points out with such sweet reasonableness the unscientific assumptions of the Nature Myth school, could himself rest content with any demonstration short of the highest? On a fly-leaf at the beginning of the work just quoted, he has printed, as a sort of profession of faith, the following sentence from Sir Henry Maine:

> Unchecked by external truth, the mind of man has a fatal facility for ensnaring, entrapping, and entangling itself.

[1] *Myths and Dreams.* Second Edition, p. 64. 1891.

But happily, happily for the human race, some fragment of physical speculation has been built into every false system. Here is the weak point. Its inevitable destruction leaves a breach in the whole fabric, and through that breach the armies of truth march in.

In the light of this suggestion, we have been anxiously on the look out in Mr. Clodd's work for any "fragment of physical speculation," which might be the touch-stone of his orthodoxy. Speculation we have found in abundance, but very little physics; always excepting the general assumption that science has disproved the existence of the spiritual world, and that everything in nature has come into being by a process of evolution. In the absence of more definite physical theories, it is perhaps not unreasonable to gauge the ideas of the President of the Folk-Lore Society upon the nature of evidence and the precise authority which attaches to an historical statement because he has "seen it in print," from the following remarkable passage, in which the italics are not ours, but Mr. Clodd's.

There is no sadder chapter in the annals of this tearful world than this ghastly story of witch-finding and witch-burning. Sprenger computes that during the Christian epoch no less than *nine millions*[1] of persons, mostly women of the poorer classes, were burned; victims of the survival into relatively civilized times of an illusion which had its source in primitive thought.[2]

[1] A writer in the *Daily Chronicle*, whose style bears a singular resemblance to Mr. Clodd's, discoursing not long since on the edifying theme of Romish superstition and intolerance, numbered the victims of the witch mania at 300,000, quoting his figures apparently from the last edition of *Chambers' Encyclopædia*. We believe this estimate to be much over the mark, and so, we infer, does Mr. Lecky, who will hardly be suspected of taking too lenient a view. The author of the *History of Rationalism in Europe* speaks vaguely of "tens of thousands," and he refers with approval to Hutchinson, "who was a very scrupulous writer," adding, "The number of executions he recounts as having taken place in 250 years, amounts to many thousands. Of these only about 140 were in England." (Vol. i. p. 131, note.) But *nine millions!!!*

[2] *Myths and Dreams.*

It is Mark Twain, if we remember aright, who observes about the great tun of Heidelberg that some historians say that thirty couples and others that thirty thousand couples can dance on the top of it at one time. Mr. Clodd's figures are about as reliable. We have always believed that the numbers given for the victims of the witch mania in approved authorities like Soldan and Heppe are enormously exaggerated. Mr. Clodd adopts an estimate which multiplies even this common reckoning by 30. As a contribution towards what astronomers would call "the personal equation" of our folk-lorist, the result is worth remembering. It may be adopted as a constant, expressing the ratio between fact and assumption in most of his other theories.

We should not speak in these terms of the President of a learned society, however much his views were opposed to our own, if we had not satisfied ourselves, by the examination of more than one instance, of the reckless disregard for all evidence and probability with which Mr. Clodd's theories are framed, a recklessness only equalled by the flippancy of his tone in sneering at beliefs which many of his hearers might be presumed to hold sacred. Whether it is worth while to treat such a writer seriously, as before remarked, is not at all clear ; but we may take just one example for more detailed examination. It is a fair specimen of the rest.

After citing a passage from Hobbes, already referred to, in which that philosopher draws out sundry parallels between the religious observances of Christianity and paganism, beginning with the reappearance of Venus and Cupid under the guise of the "Virgin Mary and her Sonne," Mr. Clodd proceeds to extend the catalogue by remarking on

his own account: "To this may be added, as one of the most striking examples, the transformation of the *Lupercalia* into the feast of the Purification of Mary." Be it so; we are quite willing to accept this as a most striking example of the methods of research and the grounds of identification which are followed throughout in the Presidential Address before us.

And now, in the first place, let it be premised that no intelligent student of antiquity, Catholic or non-Catholic, would ever hesitate to avow that many Christian ceremonies and observances have had their origin in pagan customs. We say ceremonies and observances, because such things do not touch in the least the essence of the Christian faith. It is one thing to admit that the Christians borrowed the liturgical use of incense and flowers, let us say, from the ideas of the pagan world in which they lived, and quite another to assert that they derived the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist, which is the foundation-stone of all Catholic worship, from some vague folk-tradition about Arician priests and the corn-spirit. How far this influence of paganism upon Christian ritual extended is a very obscure and difficult question, much too intricate to be treated here. We may refer to the writings of the Abbé Duchesne, of Père de Smedt, the *doyen* of the Bollandists, or to Thalhofer's *Liturgik* as an indication that the attitude of Catholics towards such questions is not necessarily a rigid or an extravagant one. For the present let it only be said that just as the early Christians constantly took the material buildings erected for pagan worship, purified them, and reconsecrated them as temples of the one true God, so Christianity was also wont, from the days of Constantine onward, to

turn to account the popular festivals and observances to which the hearts of her pagan converts were wedded by long custom. That which was harmless in such observances she often adopted for her own, that which was impious or immoral she eliminated and replaced by nobler conceptions, which elevated instead of depraving the minds of the people.

The clearest and most authoritative statement of this principle is to be found in the letter of Pope St. Gregory the Great to Mellitus, cited by Bede. The Pope prescribes there not only that the pagan temples may be converted into Christian churches, but that the annual festival of their dedication and the feasts of their patron saints may be kept on days which were previously observed as holidays in pagan times, and which had formerly been profaned by sacrifices to idols. The cattle which were wont to be offered in sacrifice on those occasions were now to be killed, that the people may feast in a religious way, "returning thanks to the Giver of all things, to the end that while some gratifications are outwardly permitted them, they may more easily incline their hearts to the inward consolations of the grace of God. For there is no doubt that it is impossible to efface everything at once from their obdurate minds; because he who endeavours to ascend to the highest place, rises by degrees or steps, and not by leaps."[1]

Nor are we altogether without illustrations of an analogous principle in our own day. Some folk-lorist of the future will perhaps argue that the Sunday music in our London parks, and the processions of sight-seers on the same day now admitted to our

[1] St. Gregory, in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, bk. i. c. 30. Ed. Stevenson.

museums, are survivals of a bacchanalian worship anciently offered to the Saxon deity John Barleycorn —obviously a corn-spirit. Connection between them there certainly is, but it lies only in the effort, by means of these attractions, to lure the votaries of the god away from his shrine.

One of the examples which Mr. Clodd cites from Hobbes is the parallel between the Christian Rogations and the Roman "Procession called *Ambarvalia*." Here, as usual, the slightest external resemblance has been caught at without any attempt at investigating the matter more closely. Few facts of ritual observance are more clearly known to us than that the Processions of the Rogation week were instituted about the year 474 by St. Mamertus of Vienne, in the south of France, to meet a definite emergency which had nothing to do with obtaining God's blessing upon the fruits of the earth. If, however, Hobbes had spoken not of the *Ambarvalia* and the Rogations, but of the *Robigalia* and the Procession on St. Mark's day, he would have cited quite a typical instance of that transformation of a pagan into a Christian rite to which we are referring. The "greater litanies," as they are called, had their origin in Rome itself; they took place, and still take place, on the same day, April 25th, which was consecrated, under the old Republic, to religious processions, intended to avert from the fields the scourge of *robigo*, or blight. The litany was chanted along the very route, at least in part, which the pagan procession had formerly followed; but instead of the grove of the supposed god or goddess, the clergy and the faithful in Christian times directed their steps from the Milvian bridge towards the Basilica of St. Peter's, where the "Station" was kept and the Sacrifice of the Mass

was offered up. Christians are not ashamed to avow that they share with pagans the belief in public prayers as a source of blessing and a means of averting calamity; neither do they consider that this community of belief reduces them to the level of the savages with whom they share it, any more than Mr. Clodd believes that a community of unbelief reduces him to the intellectual status of his favourite lap-dog.

Now while we are quite prepared to trace a connection between the Christian processions to beg God's blessing upon the crops and other similar ceremonies of pagan origin, this is a very different thing from holding that the feast of our Lady's Purification is simply the natural development of a licentious Pagan orgy. Those who are most familiar with Mr. Clodd's writings will not think it rash to infer that it is precisely the offensive incongruity of introducing our Lady's name in such a connection which lends zest to the suggestion. The evidence amounts to exactly this. In Pagan Rome an ancient festival was celebrated in February which had something to do with purification and the bearing of children. In the Roman Church a feast is kept in February called the "Purification of Mary." Therefore, says Mr. Clodd, these two feasts are identical, and their identity forms a "most striking example" of the truth that the doctrines and ritual of Christianity are no more than transformations of certain "prehistoric deposits of barbaric ideas."

Perhaps what strikes us most in this matter is not so much that the identification itself is preposterous, as that it should be made in a presidential address before a learned society, although it would not take five minutes' investigation to show that there is not

the slightest approximation between the terms in any of the senses intended by Mr. Clodd. And first with regard to the date. The feast of the Lupercalia was kept on February 15th, the feast of the Purification occurs a fortnight earlier on February 2nd, and moreover its occurrence on that day is not arbitrary or due to any connection with the month of February. It is simply determined by the fact that the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple according to Mosaic law must have taken place forty days after His Birth; February 2nd being the fortieth day from December 25th, which is honoured as the commemoration of the Nativity.

Secondly as to locality. The Lupercalia was in its origin a distinctively Roman celebration. It may have spread in time to some other towns in Italy and Gaul, but we know of no evidence to show that it had a hold upon the minds of men as a popular festival anywhere outside of Rome. It is said to have been celebrated there down to the time of Pope Gelasius, who died in 496. On the other hand, the Christian feast of the 2nd of February is universally described as having originated in the East. It is mentioned by St. Silvia at Jerusalem about 380; an edict of Justinian enjoined its celebration at Constantinople in 542, but the highest modern authority on such subjects tells us that in Rome no feast of our Lady was celebrated before the seventh century, when this with some other similar festivals was introduced in imitation of the Greeks.[1] Seeing that the Lupercalia had certainly been abrogated before A.D. 494, it is difficult to see what connection it could have with a feast not known in Rome until more than a hundred years afterwards.

[1] Duchesne, *Origines du Culte Chrétien*, p. 259.

But what most conclusively demonstrates the absurdity of any *transformation* of this gross superstition into a Christian festival, is the entire absence of any sort of resemblance in their character or ritual. For Mr. Clodd it is sufficient that the word *purification* should occur in connection with both. The rite of the Lupercalia was a rite of purification; it was true that it had nothing to do with the purification of women after childbirth. It was supposed rather to precede the bearing of children, and to bestow the gift of fertility, but we are told that it was a purification of some sort, and to examine more closely would be for Mr. Clodd an unnecessary refinement. Now it is just here that any shadow of argument for the identity of the two celebrations most completely breaks down. The one thing which we can say with confidence about the feast of the 2nd of February is that it was not in the beginning regarded as the festival of our Lady's Purification at all. It was the *ὑπαπαντὴ*, the meeting of Christ with Simeon and Anna, it was the *oblatio Christi ad templum*, in the words of Bede, the *occursus* or *obviatio*, as we find it called by other Latin writers. There is nothing in the Liturgy even now which lays stress upon the idea of purification, and the name itself, *Purificatio Beatæ Virginis Mariæ*, is of comparatively late introduction. Could any theory possibly go to pieces more completely, and yet this is an instance which Mr. Clodd goes out of the way to quote as "one of the most striking examples" of the transformations upon which he lays such stress.

We have, above, borrowed an illustration from etymology. Into the regions of that science, amongst others, Mr. Clodd wanders in connection with the same subject, his treatment of which we have been

considering. It would appear to be on etymological grounds alone that he bases his incidental remark that the vine-god, Dionysus, "appears in hagiology as St. Denis," for it would not be easy otherwise to explain how the worship of a Greek deity cropped up in northern Gaul; and it would be interesting to know whether in any known rite the drinking of the blood of this Saint was an essential feature, or whether any Bacchic celebrations were practised in connection with him. But, if this be the origin of his name, does the same hold good of Dionysius of Syracuse, Dionysius of Heracleia, Dionysius of Halicarnsasus, and all the tribe of their namesakes? If not of them, why of Dionysius the Areopagite, with whom, as the convert of St. Paul mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, St. Denis is unquestionably identified? Are we, on like principles, to say that St. Paul himself is no other than Pollux appearing in hagiology?

It is, however, in regard of symbolism that Mr. Clodd most frankly gives himself away. In regard of his science, Professor Lodge was cruel enough to observe, that in the case of a beginner, which harmless epithet might, presumably, without offence be applied, such difficulties as his were natural and excusable, "though hardly the subject to write a book about." Similarly, it is quite possible that he is not to be blamed for blank ignorance of the elementary principles of mediæval art, but he really should not get up in a presidential chair to exhibit it.

He tells us, for example, that the old barbarous notions, incorporated in Christianity, are nowhere more conspicuously manifested than in respect of that same mystery of the Incarnation, at which, above all others, he not unnaturally hurls his shafts. Savages

believed, for instance, that a child might be begotten by the scent of a flower, and, in representations of the Annunciation, is not the Angel depicted bearing a lily? It was likewise thought that the same effect might be produced through a maiden's ear; and that this is sound Christian doctrine he triumphantly proves by citing, from Mr. Lecky, the words of a Latin hymn ascribed to St. Thomas of Canterbury:

> Gaude Virgo, mater Christi,
> Quæ per aurem concepisti,
> Gabriele nuntio.

Nay, more; he solemnly assures us, on the same authority, that, "in an old glass window, now, I believe, in one of the museums of Paris, the Holy Ghost is represented hovering over the Virgin in the form of a dove, while a ray of light passes from His beak to her ear, along which ray an infant Christ is descending."

Are there not pictures more accessible, wherein all manner of saints, as St. Henry the Emperor, are represented with a cathedral or an abbey in their hand? or St. Barbara with a tower? or St. Thaddeus with a full-rigged ship? Did St. Ambrose always bear a bee-hive about with him? or St. Laurence a grid-iron? Did St. Jerome write with a lion crouching at his feet, and a trumpet from the clouds pointing towards his ear? St. Milburga is constantly represented with a church in one hand, and chasing a flock of wild geese, to signify that she founded a nunnery, and that her feast occurred in early spring when the wild-fowl began their northward flight. Did any dweller in the dark ages suppose for a moment that these, and innumerable other such-like devices, were intended to represent the physical reality of things? When in a death-bed scene a small naked

figure was shown issuing from the mouth of the dying man, did the artist imagine that any one would suppose him to have drawn from the life, any more than the old caricaturists when they wrote the speeches of their figures upon balloon-like scrolls emerging, like puffs of smoke, from their lips? "Marry," says Sir Thomas More of a kindred matter, "I think there be no man in Christendom so foolish, nor woman neither, but doth know better." He, however, did not know what might be done in the name of Science, nor with what equipment for his task a President of the Folk-lore Society might volunteer to interpret the mind of ancient folk.

It would not be difficult to multiply similar examples of the so-called scientific method; but while to do so would probably be wearisome, there is another point that calls for remark. The style, we are often told, is the man, and Mr. Clodd's style is not such as we are accustomed to associate with a cultivated or judicial mind. He evidently believes that violence is synonymous with strength, and that nothing is so effective as the rather crude argument of a nickname. What possible force can it add to the case against Madame Blavatsky to term her a "colossal old liar," though such a figure of speech would doubtless be considered quite crushing in a playground of small boys? We hear of "sapient teleologists," of the "high falutin'" of the "eager *Spectator*," of the motto *Credo quia ineptum* (a new version, we believe, of a familiar misquotation) as the principle at the root of Christian faith. The following passage claims more particular notice; it occurs in connection with the topic of "Water Worship."

"The Bishop of Cashel is reported to have said in

a recent charge 'that as an infant is incapable of the exercise of faith and repentance, so spiritual grace is imparted in infant baptism." Whoever thus argues that the combined gases whose symbol is H_2O, or that any other materials, are a vehicle of supernatural efficacy, writes himself the lineal descendant of the 'medicine man.'"

It would be hard to find a more offensive example of the flippancy in which shallow writers of a certain class are wont to indulge. To speak of water by its chemical formula may seem smart to one who is proud of being able to show his knowledge of laboratory symbols, but what earthly difference can it make to the argument in the mind of any sensible man? The fact that water can be resolved into two gases has no more to do with the question of sacramental efficacy, than that the Bible may be resolved into the twenty-four letters of the alphabet has to do with that of inspiration. "A modest man, or a philosopher," observed Cardinal Newman, in a somewhat similar case, "would have scrupled to treat with scorn or scoffing, principles and convictions, even if he did not acquiesce in them himself, which had been held so widely and so long the beliefs and devotions which have been the religious life of millions upon millions for nearly twenty centuries." He added, however, of the antagonist then engaging his attention: "He appears to be so constituted as to have no notion of what goes on in minds very different from his own, and moreover, to be stone-blind to his ignorance." So with Mr. Clodd. He, manifestly, has no conception of the nature of the doctrine he attacks, and so is able to be quite positive that none but idiots can entertain it. Yet it might have occurred to him to ask whether Newton, Faraday, and Clerk-Maxwell,

to name no others, should be set down as descendants of the medicine man, for they all assuredly subscribed to such beliefs as in his opinion entail such a character; and the last named made some uncomplimentary remarks concerning "crude and half-baked theories about the highest subjects." All this, however, is not likely much to trouble our folk-lorist, for, to borrow once more from Professor Lodge, the fundamental assumption underlying his philosophy would appear to be that scientific men, from Sir Isaac to Lord Kelvin, are an incapable and puzzle-headed race, knowing nothing of their own subject and requiring to be set right by an amateur who has devoted to it a few weeks or months, and acquired a smattering of some of its terms.

Lastly, we feel tempted to remark that if the principles developed in Mr. Clodd's address are valid, and if he is logical in following them out to their natural conclusions, he is bound to go further still. Why should he stop short and content himself with finding a folk-lore origin for the *doctrines* of Christianity? He might just as well, while he is about it, apply the same method to overthrow the historical facts upon which these doctrines are based. The line of investigation he is following will easily carry him a step further, and will prove that the crucifixion of Jesus Christ had its existence only in the dreams of pre-historic ages, much more conclusively than they prove that Transubstantiation is "the barbaric idea of eating the god," corn-god or vine-god, and sharing his attributes and powers. After all, the great part of Mr. Clodd's talk about corn-spirits, and Arician priests, and solemn sacraments, is founded upon traditions often extremely misty, extremely local, and extremely recent. But there

are few facts for which such abundant evidence is forthcoming as the almost universal prevalence of the cross symbol in pre-Christian ages. If Mr. Clodd will pay a visit to the British Museum some fine afternoon, he will find some sculptures in the Assyrian gallery quite as interesting as any of the striking discoveries he has made in the province of mediæval art. He will come across a statue of Samsi Ramânu dating from before B.C. 812, wearing a cross hanging around his neck by a ribbon, such as might be seen round the neck of any young lady in a convent school. He may take a turn through the Egyptian department, and there he will observe that sarcophagi, and mummy cases, and inscriptions of all kinds are simply swarming with crosses. If he looks about the Indian antiquities, he will have no difficulty in finding a Swastika or two, and it is only the meagre nature of our collection of Mexican and Central American relics which would prevent him from studying models of prehistoric crosses four or five feet high which would not excite remark in any Christian cemetery. Obviously, on Mr. Clodd's principle, only one conclusion can be drawn. The crucifixion of the Founder of Christianity must be a myth partly evolved out of tree and serpent-worship, partly out of superstitions connected with the cross symbol which was known and honoured in every land a thousand years before the coming of Christ.[1] And yet, somehow or other, Mr. Clodd does not draw this conclusion. He has written a history of *Jesus of Nazareth*, in which, while discarding the narrative of our Lord's Birth, and of His Resurrection, and

[1] Who, Mr. Clodd might be expected to say, can fail to see that the elevation of the Saviour upon the Cross is only a more real and humanized variant of a legend already familiar a thousand years before in the story of the brazen serpent?

of His miracles as mythical, he yet feels constrained to accept the historical fact of His condemnation and Death upon the Cross. The fact of the crucifixion is one which Strauss and Renan, and a hundred infidels more, have never dared to dispute. To reject the cumulative evidence of Christian and pagan writers so strangely interwoven and unanimous, would be to strike at the root of all belief founded upon human testimony, and none but a few reckless fanatics have ever even seriously suggested it. And so we may ask, if all the pre-historic tradition about crosses and tree worship does not prove the crucifixion to be a myth, a "barbaric idea," and a fragment of folk-lore, why must we suppose that other much more vague and restricted traditions about virginal births, about the incarnation of gods, about the eating of the god—if indeed there be such—are conclusive proofs that the doctrines of Christianity are silly fables and barbaric ideas? We do not presume to decide here in what proportion mere coincidence, a vague primitive revelation, the recurrence in different lands of the same succession of natural phenomena, the mistakes or *parti pris* of the collectors of traditions, and many other causes may have contributed to folk-tales. Of one thing we are certain, there is no conclusion so preposterous that it might not be demonstrated by the slipshod, unscientific methods of investigation followed by Mr. Edward Clodd and his imitators.

It is not for religion that we fear from such attacks as this: but how can science fail to be degraded in the eyes of men of sense, if such caricaturists of her teaching are allowed unchallenged to pose as her accredited representatives?

THE MARTYR'S CHILDREN.

Dear reader, did you ever hear of a country called the Lebanon? You may have seen mention of it in your Bibles, and you have heard of its cedars, and its glorious range of mountains; but unless you had been there you could not imagine anything so beautiful. It is a tract of country lying nearly parallel to the Syrian coast, and God has certainly bestowed upon it all that is richest and most luxurious in nature and produce, so that it may indeed be called a land flowing with milk and honey. It is in this glorious country that my tale is laid. I know it well, and I hope, before I die, to go back to it; and what I am going to tell you is strictly true, not only as to the people, but the place.

It was a beautiful June morning in 1860, when two children were seen wending their way from a little flat-roofed house, which had been built close to a gurgling stream, to a school standing on the edge of the hill, kept by two gentle-looking Sisters of Charity. Their talk was about silk-worms, for you must know that in that country silk is the great trade, and every cottage window is full of trays holding cocoons—the bright little yellow oval balls which the poor caterpillar has made; and then, when it has changed into a moth (meet emblem of the resurrection), the shell remains.

The chief occupation of the children is winding off the fine silk which tightly covers the caterpillar's living tomb, and of which all those beautiful stuffs are made which you see in the linen-drapers' shops.

"I fear I shall never have done my silk in time for St. Peter's Feast," exclaimed the youngest of the two sisters, whose name was Lucia. "It's only ten days now, for this is the 19th, and if I can't finish I shall lose my piastre,* and not be able to get anything for our good Padre. O, I am so sorry!"

"Never mind," answered the elder, cheerily. "I've had good luck with mine, you know, so we can share the profits. But who is calling us?" she exclaimed, suddenly stopping as a voice was heard echoing through the rocks the words, "Lucia! Mary!"

The little girls looked in the direction of the voice, and presently saw their father approaching with rapid strides down the mountain side.

"How is it he has left his work? What's the matter?" exclaimed Mary, as he came closer, for she saw that his face worked with agitation of some sort which he strove in vain to conceal.

"My darlings," he exclaimed, "you must not go into town to-day. The school is closed. Come with me."

The children followed, awed and frightened, for he did not say anything further, but kept walking on more and more quickly, not in the direction of their home, but in that of Beteddin, a beautiful spot about a mile from Deir-el Kahmar, which was then the

* A silver coin equal to 5s. of our money.

palace of the Christian Emirs or Governors of the Lebanon. They met no one till they came to the picturesque bridge which separates one hamlet from the other; but there they found several people talking in little groups, and all seemingly equally anxious and unhappy.

"What do you think? What can be done?" exclaimed one of the women to the father of the children, whose name was Alexander Boutros.

"There is no help but in God, Marietta," sadly and sternly replied the man. "We are betrayed on every side, and it is too late to get the French up from Beyrout. We can but try and put our children in some place of safety."

So saying, he hurried on more rapidly even than before, till they reached the palace gates. The confusion and terror had extended even to this quiet spot. The gates were thrown open, the servants had fled, and the whole place seemed deserted. Boutros led his children by a covered way to some baths at the back of the building, and there for the first time paused and spoke.

"Mary," he said gravely, laying his hand on the eldest girl's shoulder, "you are old enough to understand the terrible peril we are in. Listen to me. The Druses have broken their promises, and have risen again throughout the Lebanon, and put all the Christians to death whom they could possibly find. The Turkish Governor has promised to protect us; but I do not believe in him. I think you will be safe here for a few days till we see what happens. I have brought you

some food, and you must take care of your little sister."

So saying, he embraced his children tenderly, and was striding off, when Mary rushed to stop him.

"You will not go back? You will not leave us?" she exclaimed, sobbing.

"I must, my child. What is to become of your mother and the rest? After all it may blow over, or the French troops may come. Anyhow, we will hope," he added more cheerily; "and if God wills it otherwise, Mary, we must equally rejoice, you know, at being found worthy of being martyrs for Our Lord's sake."

Not daring to trust himself with more words, Alexander Boutros tore himself away from the kisses of his little girl, and hurried back to the village, while Mary sat on the edge of the beautiful alabaster fountain and cried bitterly. In one short hour all her life seemed changed, and the merry child had turned into a grave and thoughtful woman. She was only twelve years old, but she was "old for her age," as the saying is. Brought up in a pious home, and trained by the good Sisters and a holy Jesuit Father in all loving and virtuous ways, she was her mother's right hand, and the consoler and adviser of all the younger members of the family. It added to her sorrow to think that at this very moment she was away from that tender mother, and unable to help her in this terrible time of danger.

Then she recollected her father's words: "Take care of your little sister;" so, after a few moments

of earnest prayer, she got up to look after her. The little Lucia had run down to the garden, and was as happy as a queen, making a garland of bright blue flowers; and Mary, glad to be spared any further words upon the sad subject of her terror and anxiety, sat by and helped her, and told her little stories, till the heat of the summer's sun forced them to take shelter within the house, when Lucia soon fell fast asleep on a sofa in a dressing-room which adjoined the baths.

Mary then had time to reflect on her position, and to see what means there were of concealment should the Druses be tempted by their love of pillage to invade even this secluded spot. She found a circular staircase leading from the dressing-room to a kind of terrace, and at the top a recess, before which it was easy to hang a curtain or push a piece of furniture, behind which she and her sister might crouch in case of need. Her blood froze when she recollected the tales she had heard of Druse cruelty from the neighbours; but she tried to put the thought from her, and to trust in God.

The rest of the day was spent by both children in wandering over the beautiful rooms of the deserted palace, although many a time they would run to the terrace, from which a distant view could be obtained of their native village, and take comfort from the apparent quiet of everything there. Night fell on the desolate children, and Mary found it hard work to quiet the little Lucia, whose piteous entreaties to "go home to mother" she was compelled to stifle, and to conceal her own sorrow under a bright and merry exterior,

till her little sister's even breathing told her she had sobbed herself to sleep. Then Mary threw herself on her knees, and prayed as she had never done before for the safety of those so dear to hear; but after a while the words of Father Badow came back to her, and she added, "Yet not my will, but Thine be done, O my God!" as she sorrowfully rose and lay down by her sister's side.

The morning dawned on the 20th of June—that day which was to witness scenes of such untold horror in that hitherto quiet hamlet. Alarmed at the increasing rumours of an assault from the Druses, fifteen hundred of the Christians had taken refuge in the Turkish Governor's house, who had repeated to them his solemn assurances of safety and protection. But an hour or two later the Druses were secretly admitted by the Turks themselves into the citadel, and then the massacre began. Not content with murder, they tortured and mutilated their victims in the most horrible manner, and then flung them over the wall of the court-yard into a field below. Alexander Boutros, suspecting treachery, had refused to follow his friends to the Governor's house, but had taken refuge in the presbytery, with his wife and his eight remaining children. This house adjoined the church, and there the little band of martyrs gathered round the altar, and prepared themselves for death.

Solemn indeed had been the previous night, when, finding themselves on all sides encircled by the enemy, and all escape cut off, they had calmly faced their fate, and in the Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed

Eucharist had found that strength which One alone could give. And now the tumultuous cries of the murderers were heard approaching, and the Druses and Turks, drunk with the blood of their victims at the Governor's house, surrounded the church and presbytery. The Superior had just pronounced the absolution for the dying from the altar steps, when the church doors were broken open, and the Christians instantly seized by the armed ruffians whom they were calmly expecting. "Apostasy or death!" was the Mussulman cry. They all chose the latter.

The priests were the first victims. Kneeling at the foot of the altar, with their arms extended in the form of a cross, each received the martyr's palm, the Druses in the meanwhile ringing the church bells in derision, and calling out to the people to "come to the Mass of their priests." The heroic Superior was reserved for more horrible torture. Stripped naked, he was first scalped, "to renew the tonsure," they said, then with long knives they carved the patterns of his sacerdotal vestments on his back and chest, and finally beheaded him. The remainder of their victims were quickly despatched: and then these monsters calling themselves men set fire to the church, and proceeded to plunder everything that came in their way. Suddenly a voice was heard: "To the Palace of the Emirs! To Beteddin!" The word flew from mouth to mouth, and the Druses and Turks hurried across the bridge, and so on to the doomed mansion.

And what were the children doing all this time? Although the palace was too distant to allow them to

hear the cries of the victims, yet, when the smoke rose from the well-known site where all their holiest recollections were centred, Mary felt at once that the dreaded hour had come. Presently fugitives were seen flying up the mountain side, hotly pursued by some bloodthirsty Mussulmans. And then a dark and serried mass appeared on the bridge, and presently wound up the steep ascent to the palace. Mary's heart almost stopped beating as she gazed. Then, suddenly turning to her sister, she exclaimed:

"They are coming—we must hide! Now listen, Lucia. Your life and mine depend on your keeping quite quiet, and never crying or speaking a word till they are gone. Will you promise me this?"

The little Lucia, awed by her sister's face and manner, promised implicitly, and Mary ran with her as fast as possible to the hiding-place which she had prepared at the top of the staircase before mentioned. In a few seconds the palace rang with oaths and curses. Everything which could not be carried off was destroyed. The beautiful Venetian mosaic with its elaborate patterns, the rare marbles and agates which panelled the walls, all were battered into small pieces. The luxurious baths shared the same fate. Then, to Mary's inexpressible terror, she heard one of them ascending the staircase. "Try not to breathe," she whispered to her sister, as they crouched behind the piece of furniture which was their only human protection. Luckily the Druse robber walked on, contenting himself with hacking at the woodwork as he passed; and finding nothing to satisfy him on the

terrace roof, quickly retraced his steps. Then began a scene of drunkenness and debauchery, which lasted till far into that terrible night, and not till an alarm was given of the coming of the French avengers did the last stragglers from that cruel band of plunderers leave the palace and its trembling child-prisoners.

The moon shone gloriously on that scene of ruin and devastation as the little girls crept cautiously from their hiding-place, and looked around them. Presently they heard a low stifled cry as of another child, and Mary, starting forward, suddenly came on a little boy, the son of a neighbour, who had been concealed in one of the lower courts. He had escaped from the previous day's massacre, and knew only that all his family were missing; but his words confirmed poor Mary's worst fears. The weary day wore on, and the morrow came, and with it help and love; but never again would those poor children be folded in their parents' arms. By degrees, from the weeping Sister of Charity who had been sent from Beyrout to rescue the surviving little ones, Mary gathered the terrible story of the 20th of June, and found herself an orphan indeed.

She never recovered the shock. Taken home by the good Sisters, she and Lucia were speedily installed in the beautiful Beyrout orphanage, where Mary soon became a universal favourite from her gentleness and tender piety. But her days were numbered. Two things only did she ask of God—that she should receive her First Communion, and be enrolled among the Children of Mary before her death; and both were granted to her.

The much-wished-for day came, and Mary, lying in her little bed, was dressed by the loving Sisters in her white veil and wreath. Not more pure are the roses round her head or the lilies by her bedside than is that spotless soul sighing but for one thing—to receive her Lord, before she departed to see Him face to face. Round her neck she wears the blue ribbon and medal of Mary—the only mother left to the orphan child.

And now the bell is heard, and the light approaches, while the attendant Sisters devoutly kneel. A moment more, and she has received Him whom she has so loved and trusted in here. A few minutes later, she was with Him in His kingdom in Heaven.

MARRY IN HASTE AND REPENT AT LEISURE.

It was a dull, dark November day. In a small room in a narrow street in Belgravia, a gentleman, still in the prime of life, lay dying. He had been an officer of some distinction in the army, and on his return had been appointed to a post at the War Office, which he had filled for some years with credit to himself and satisfaction to the authorities. But his health had been undermined by the Indian climate, and now a violent chill, caught one bad foggy night on his return from the office, had ended in inflammation of the lungs, and the doctor, who had just left the house, gave little or no hope. By his side stood his loving and devoted wife, too heartbroken for tears, watching in mute misery the ebbing of a life which was far dearer to her than her own. Three girls, of ages varying from sixteen to twenty, sat sadly and listlessly at a table near the window, one writing, the other two occupied in some kind of fancy work; but each, from time to time, looking anxiously towards their father, who was not in bed, but lying on a sofa, propped up by cushions and breathing with difficulty.

Presently a step was heard, the door opened, and a well-known voice said with great sympathy, to the lady leaning over the sofa:

"Well, my child, how is your patient to-day?"

There was no answer, only a convulsive pressure of the hand he held; and the sick man, feebly opening his eyes, said:

"I am so glad you are come, Father. I want to see you alone, while I can still speak," he added, with evident effort.

His wife and children quitted the room, and the priest was left alone with the dying man. This was not a case of anxiety for that faithful servant of his Divine Master. Colonel K—— had always led a blameless Catholic life, not only frequenting the Sacraments regularly, but fervent in his zeal and love for the Faith, and endeavouring in every way to promote the interests of God and the spiritual welfare of those under him. Many a time during his Indian campaigns, when a Catholic priest was not to be had, he had gathered the Catholic soldiers together and given them all the religious instruction and consolation which lay in his power, so that even the most bigoted Protestants and those most opposed to him in faith and morals showed their respect for his uncompromising adherence to the truth, and willingly gave him facilities for these little services for his men, while they tacitly acknowledged that his influence over them far exceeded theirs. And ever since he came home his life had been the same—one of constant, simple, practical piety. He was not a man of many words, but he believed with his whole heart, and acted up to his belief. But now, in spite of his faith, a heavy cloud of care and trouble seemed to rest upon him for those he was leaving behind, and

he opened his heart unreservedly to the good old priest, who sat, with his heart full of sorrow, love and sympathy, by his side.

"Father," he said, "I know I am faithless and wrong. But I cannot help feeling wretched about Mary and the girls. How are they to live when I am gone? You know that all my savings, and Mary's little fortune too, went in the breaking of that bank two years ago, so that the only certain thing they will have to depend on is the pension of an officer's widow; and how can they live upon that?"

Perhaps one of the hardest trials of this holy Jesuit Father's life was to be called upon to hear, day after day, tales like these, and to be powerless to help. In years gone by he had had a large fortune, but had given up all to embrace a life of poverty, obedience and toil for his Lord's sake, and Colonel K—— was one of his oldest and dearest friends. But he did not shrink from his task, and by degrees contrived to soothe the poor father's natural anxiety by promises of never losing sight of those so rightly dear to him, and of doing all in his power to promote their interests and obtain employment for them.

"There are many ways now in which ladies may earn an honourable living," he added cheerily, "and your girls are no longer children. They have learned to work and make themselves useful, and depend upon it that Our Lord will never desert them; nor will He be outdone in generosity. You have given up much for Him in your life, my dear friend, and all these things are garnered up, and will return in blessings on

your wife and children by-and-by. Be sure that as long as I live I will look after them; and now, if you feel so ill and the doctor thinks so badly of your case, would you not wish to receive the last Sacraments? I need not say to you that they will not hasten your end, while they may be the means of restoring you to health."

A glad assent was given to this proposal. In a few moments a little altar was made ready; and his wife, mastering her emotion, assisted in that touching and beautiful service, which has brought consolation to so many breaking hearts. When all was done and the last blessing had been given, Father L—— called aside the eldest girl and gave her some directions, adding:

"Now, be sure and send for me if he should get worse, no matter at what hour in the night;" after which he took his leave of the little household, though with a sad heart.

That summons was not long delayed; two days later the last sad change came, and Father L—— only arrived in time to give the last absolution to his dying friend, and to strive to support the broken-hearted wife in the first hour of her desolation.

We will pass over the misery of the few succeeding days. When all was over, and the bills for the simple funeral had been paid, the poor widow found herself with a bare pittance, which compelled her at once to leave her little home, for, small though it was, the rent far exceeded her means. The two elder girls obtained work at the School of Art; but the youngest, Maude, had no taste that way, and it seemed hard to discover anything for

which she was really fitted. She had been, from the first, a cause of grave anxiety to her parents. Clever and self-willed, and gifted with fatal beauty, she had all along chafed at the restraints laid upon her, and still more at the privations which their poverty entailed. And now it was ten times worse. They had left Belgravia and found a dismal though respectable lodging in the outskirts of Kensington. Their one servant had to be given up, and the work divided between the mother and daughters. But whereas Elizabeth and Kate, the two elder girls, did all in their power to save their mother and spare her all unnecessary fatigue, Maude would sit poutingly in her room, and plead her delicate health as an excuse for doing nothing. Perhaps the poor mother had been too indulgent with her, and rather encouraged than resisted her idle inclinations. The one person who saw her faults in a clear light was Father L——, and often and gravely did he remonstrate with her and warn her of the consequences of her selfishness; but in vain.

So a year or two passed away, when an event happened which enabled the foolish and headstrong child to follow her own inclination without let or hindrance. One evening the usual hour for supper came, and her mother had not come home. This was so unusual that her children became alarmed at once, and Elizabeth went to the house where her mother had intended to call about some work, to inquire whether they had seen her. Passing by a baker's shop she saw a little crowd, and, on drawing near, her horror may be imagined at seeing a policeman and another man preparing to place

a lady on a stretcher, whom she instantly recognized as her mother. Darting forward, but unable to speak, Elizabeth seized the policeman's arm and questioned him by her despairing eyes as to what had occurred.

The man understood her at once, and said kindly:

"It's a sad business, miss. She's been run over, and we've sent for a doctor, and he says she must be taken to the hospital."

"No, no!" exclaimed the poor child. "Take her home, please, to No. 7 —— Terrace;" and hurrying on herself in the same direction, the men followed her, bearing the apparently lifeless form, which was soon laid on a bed, and every effort used to restore consciousness. But hour after hour passed, and no change came. "There was no outward injury," the doctor said, "but she must have been struck somewhere on the head," he thought, "or received some internal hurt."

Once or twice in the course of that terrible night's watching a glimmer of consciousness seemed to return, and she murmured some incoherent words. But towards morning even that faint hope was dispelled; and when the day dawned, the terrible truth burst upon her weeping children that they were indeed orphans and alone in the world. Of course, the widow's pension died with her, and the girls had no relation on either father or mother's side able or willing to befriend them or give them a home. Father L—— exerted himself to the utmost to find them employment. But any one who has tried to find remunerative work for women of gentle birth will know what the difficulty is. Finally the usual resource for poor ladies was

resorted to—to advertise for situations as governesses. But here again Maude's youth and beauty were looked upon as almost insuperable objections. At last she herself answered an advertisement in the *Times*, and returned the next day full of satisfaction and self-congratulation at having obtained the situation.

"But who is this person, dear?" anxiously inquired Elizabeth, when Maude had eagerly related her morning's work and its success. "Do you know anything of the family, and are they Catholics?"

Maude coloured.

"I don't believe they are," she replied, "but when I said *I* was one, they made no objection; all they seemed to care for was music, which you know I can teach very well."

"But did they give you no references?" continued her sister. "How do you know that they are respectable people?"

"How tiresome you are!" replied Maude, pettishly. "Of course they are respectable. Did I not tell you what a beautiful house they lived in, in Hyde Park Gardens? And they will give me eighty pounds the first year, and raise it to a hundred pounds if I suit; and they seemed to have lots of men-servants and carriages and all that sort of thing, and I am quite sure I shall be very happy and comfortable."

Still Elizabeth was not satisfied, and wrote privately to Father L——, her one true friend, asking him, if possible, to find out about the place to which her sister

had so hastily and imprudently engaged herself. Father L—— went at once to the office from which the advertisement had come, and ascertained from the agent that the gentleman was a rich merchant and a widower, and that his sister kept his house; but the whole tone of the place on inquiry aroused his suspicions, and he hastened to —— Terrace to try and induce Maude to give up the situation. But his words had no more effect than her sister's. She was determined to take it, and almost indignantly declined another place of which the Father had heard that morning, at a lower salary, it is true, with a widow lady in the country, but where she would have every opportunity of practising her religion.

"That will just suit Elizabeth," she exclaimed, "who is always wanting to bother after poor people or primroses! But give me London, where one doesn't feel buried alive and where one can have some fun. Besides, there are plenty of Catholic churches here," she added, seeing the grave look on the Father's face, "and I can always go to Mass if I like."

"How do you know that?" replied Father L——. "There may be a thousand hindrances in a worldly family like that; and are you prepared to face ridicule or taunts for your Faith?"

Maude coloured, and was silent. She had been too well and piously brought up not to understand fully that she was deliberately putting herself in the way of temptation. But the struggle within herself was short; the world and the devil triumphed; and the good priest, after a few earnest words of warning, left the

house with a sad heart, only promising Elizabeth that he would try and keep his eye upon her in her dangerous and self-chosen path. Elizabeth herself gladly accepted the country situation, and listened eagerly and reverently to the Father's parting words on the apostolate she might exercise towards the young souls about to be committed to her care.

The last days passed only too quickly. Kate had already found employment in a Yorkshire Catholic family, and was doing well; so that Elizabeth and Maude were left together to do all the necessary work of packing and sorting, before giving up their little home for ever. Poor as it had been, it was still home, and associated with the mother they both so deeply mourned, so that even Maude was softened and sobered; and though she would not falter in her resolve, yet was more loving and considerate towards Elizabeth than she had ever been before. The last night came, and Elizabeth persuaded her to come with her to Benediction at the Oratory.

"We both want a special blessing and strength for to-morrow," she said to her sister. "Let us seek it where alone it is to be found."

The service over, the girls walked home, and once more Elizabeth spoke:

"Promise me, Maude, if things go wrong with you, that you will write to me at once."

Maude promised, but at the bottom of her heart had small intention of making a confidante of one whom she already looked upon as far too particular and "strait-laced" to suit her.

We will pass over the following year. Elizabeth found in her new life abundant trials and mortifications of a sort she had not expected; but on the other hand was rewarded by the devotion of her little pupils and the never-failing consolations of her Faith. There was a chapel in the house, with the Blessed Sacrament, and to that she always had recourse in any moment of doubt or discouragement. To one reared in a loving home, a governess's life must always be a painful one; but Elizabeth had learnt where and to whom to offer up all things, and bravely took up the little crosses of her daily life as means whereby she might root out the pride and self-complacency which she felt had been her besetting sins.

And Maude? Far different had been her daily experience. Plunged suddenly into the midst of a worldly and fashionable society, where her music was in constant request, she had little or no schoolroom drudgery. There were two girls not much younger than Maude herself, who had been brought up to believe that accomplishments were the main things to be cultivated, and that to make brilliant marriages in future years was the one object of their existence. So all was sacrificed to these ends. To dance and ride well, to dress fashionably, to play and sing—in fact, to learn all the things which could make them attractive to men by-and-by—this was the summit of their father's ambition and their own. Their aunt was an indolent, worldly woman, who, provided her nieces looked well and behaved with propriety before strangers,

cared little or nothing about their education. To accompany them to the riding and dancing schools, to take them to concerts, and to see that they practised regularly for the great London master who came twice a week for a short hour's music lesson, were the main duties expected of Maude. At first she attempted some historical reading in the morning, but the girls voted it a bore, and there was no one to insist upon it. Their father was all day in the city, and when he came home either wished his daughters to ride with him in the Park, or to come down after dinner with their governess to sing and play to him. As to religion, the subject was never so much as alluded to. Sometimes the girls went with their aunt on Sunday morning to a fashionable church in the neighbourhood: on other occasions they would make Sunday an excuse for staying in bed till near luncheon-time.

At first Maude rather rejoiced at this state of things, as it left her free to go to Mass when she pleased. But by degrees, the self-indulgent habits of the house, which exactly suited her luxurious tastes, grew upon and became natural to her. She often went with her pupils to the opera or the play on Saturday night; they did not return till after twelve o'clock, and she was heated and thirsty, and could not resist the claret-cup or iced lemonade prepared for their return. So the weekly Communion was dropped by degrees, and even the weekly Mass became an effort; and eleven o'clock would see her hurriedly fastening on her hat so as to get to Farm Street before the gospel was read.

At last her sister Elizabeth was startled one morning, after many weeks of complete silence, at receiving the following letter:

"My Dearest Sister,

"You will be surprised, and I hope pleased, to hear that I am going to be married to the father of my present pupils. He has been paying me attentions for some time, but I thought it was only his kindness, till yesterday evening, when I and the girls were going to bed, he asked me to stop behind, as he had something to say to me. And then he told me that he had watched me for some time, and felt sure I should be just the sort of wife he wanted, if I could make up my mind to marry any one so much older than myself. Of course, I was very much surprised at first; but then I thought, what a blessing it would be to have done with governessing for ever, and be rich and independent. And so I accepted him, and we are to be married quite quietly, he says, but almost immediately, as he does not want his family to make a fuss about it. He gave me leave to tell you, however; but probably by the time this reaches you I shall have changed my name. I should have liked to have had you and Katie at our wedding: but he says he will have no one, and that we are only to go to church together, and come home as if nothing had happened. So I suppose he must have his own way.

"Your affectionate sister,

"Maude.

"P.S.—Do not answer this, as we are going abroad almost immediately for some months."

The letter fell from Elizabeth's hands. There was evidently nothing to be done, save to pray for the thoughtless child who was thus wrecking her whole future by embarking in a marriage with a man of no principles and no faith, and that without one single safeguard or inquiry as to his antecedents. It was

evident to Elizabeth, from the secrecy and haste with which the whole thing was to be conducted, that for some reason or other Mr. S—— was afraid of publicity. Nor could she comfort herself by thinking that all this arose solely from the fact that he was marrying his children's governess. Every one knew that Maude was of better birth than himself, and therefore there could be no sufficient motive to justify such concealment.

Elizabeth's first impulse was to ask for a day's holiday, and go up to London and judge for herself. But she looked at the date of the letter. It was three days old, and evidently had not been sent or posted till the whole thing was over. All she could do, therefore, was to enclose it to Father L——, and implore him to get some tidings of the affair. She was also anxious to know if he had seen Maude of late, and if she had ever been to her duties. His answer was a sorrowful one. He had been to the house and found it shut up, and all the servants gone. Only a charwoman opened the door, and she could give no address. Maude had not been near him for many months, nor had he seen her in Farm Street for a long time. He had written to her once or twice, but received no answer; nor could he hear anything of the marriage. There was a sensational paragraph in one of the papers about "a city magnate being about to lead to the hymeneal altar a penniless but beautiful bride," and this he supposed referred to Maude; but further than that he could ascertain nothing. "You and I can do but one thing," concluded the good Father, "and that is to

remember her before the Tabernacle, and pray God that her folly and her sin may not be too heavily punished."

So years passed on—years during which Maude seemed to have utterly vanished from the knowledge of her family, for she never wrote or gave any sign of life. Yet day by day she was remembered at the altar with prayers and tears—a remembrance which was to bear fruit a thousandfold.

We must change the scene now to a luxurious room in a beautiful villa on the Lake of Como. A lady still young, but with an anxious, careworn expression on a face which must once have been lovely, was lying on a sofa, with a baby in her arms. Two other children were playing about the room, who bore a striking likeness to their mother. A respectable-looking nurse came in to take the baby, saying at the same time:

"That lady, ma'am, is come again to the door, and is waiting to see you. But I told her you were not strong enough yet to receive strangers."

"But I *must* see her!" exclaimed Maude, for she was the occupant of the sofa; "I must know what she has got to say to me, and why she haunts the villa, day after day."

"But you are really not equal to it, ma'am," remonstrated the nurse. "You ought not to have any excitement just now, with baby so young."

"Well, it excites me twice as much not to know what that woman wants," reiterated Maude. "And she

has written me such mysterious letters. Do show her up at once, nurse, and have done with it."

The nurse obeyed, though very reluctantly, and in a few minutes ushered in a tall, grave-looking person of middle age, who faltered as she drew near to Maude, and seemed unable or unwilling to speak.

"Pray take a chair, and come near me," said Maude, nervously. "And, nurse, will you take away the children? I want to see this lady alone."

The nurse and children withdrew, and still the stranger sat silent, looking at Maude with a sad and peculiar expression, in which pity and anger were blended.

"Who are you? and what do you want of me?" at last exclaimed poor Maude. "They tell me you have been here again and again, only I was too ill to see you before. My baby is only a fortnight old," she added apologetically.

"Yes, I know," said the stranger. "But now, will you allow me to ask you a question or two? When were you married to Mr. S——? and where?"

"In London, five years ago," replied Maude.

"Were you not before governess to Mr. S——'s daughters?"

"Yes," answered Maude, colouring. "My poor father, Colonel K——, died, and then my mother; and my sisters and I were obliged to go out as governesses afterwards—for we had lost all our money by the failure of a bank."

"Poor child!" murmured the stranger, looking wistfully at Maude, "But had you no friends, no

relations, to inquire about Mr. S—— before you took the step?"

Maude hesitated and faltered: "Yes—no—but he wished it to be very quiet, on account of his people, he said. And I was sick of the life, and wanted to do anything to get out of it," she added, with a very unusual degree of frankness.

"And what became of my—of the girls?" continued the stranger, with evident emotion.

"They were angry at the marriage, and their aunt took them away when we came abroad; and then my little boy was born, and I was very, very ill; and we have been travelling about ever since."

"And where is Mr. S—— now?" continued the stranger.

"I do not know," answered Maude, with evident reluctance, but as if compelled to speak by the searching look bent upon her. "He went away soon after we came here—just before my confinement, in fact—promising to come back in a day or two, and I have never heard from him since."

"I understand perfectly," replied the stranger. "It was about three weeks ago that I traced him to this spot, and saw and spoke to him. He is not likely to return in a hurry."

"But who, then, are you?" exclaimed the terrified Maude.

"I am his lawful and legitimate wife," replied the lady, sternly. "He married me in New Zealand, where he had gone on some business connected with the firm of which he was a partner; and we lived together for

thirteen or fourteen years, during which time I had the two girls whom you were asked to educate. Then he went back to England, but only for a time. He deceived me, as he has done you, and went on writing to me about the charming governess he had secured for the children, and promising to return to the colony as soon as his business in the city was in a state to be left. And I was fool enough to believe him, and waited on year after year, on the plea that it was a pity that the girls should not have educational advantages which London alone could give. And then accidentally some one mentioned in my presence that he had married his children's governess. At first I did not believe it, and then various little things aroused my suspicions: one thing being that the girls had ceased altogether to write to me. I found out since that he had told them I was dead, and had intercepted all my letters to them. I do not blame you, poor deluded child!" added the stranger, looking compassionately at Maude's horror-struck face and dilated eyes. "How could you guess he was such a villain? and we have both our marriage lines!" she exclaimed bitterly, rising as she spoke.

Poor Maude's agony was too deep for words. Bit by bit, as the stranger unfolded her sad history, the conviction had been forced upon her that she was speaking the exact truth. She remembered her husband's extraordinary silence as to his first wife and his antecedents altogether; and the mystery which had shrouded her marriage had more or less accompanied all their subsequent movements. Now the secret of it all came

out. She was, then, not a wife at all, and her children ——O the misery of that thought! It was more than her enfeebled frame could bear; and when the nurse, in answer to a hasty ringing of the bell by the stranger, hurried into the room, she found her mistress senseless on the floor.

To endeavour to restore Maude to consciousness was the nurse's first act; but all her efforts were fruitless. The doctor was sent for, and Maude removed to her bed, but the fainting fit was succeeded by violent shiverings, followed by brain fever. In her delirium she was continually calling for Elizabeth; and the stranger lady, who had remained near her, inquired of the servants if they knew who she meant.

"It is her sister, ma'am," replied one of them.

"Can you get me her address, or can I find it among her letters?" she continued.

"Yes, I think so," answered the nurse, "for she was crying over an old letter not long ago, which came from her, I fancy."

The letter was found, and the lady wrote anonymously, begging Elizabeth to come at once, and with considerate kindness enclosing a cheque for her expenses. This letter reached Elizabeth one morning just as she was giving her pupils a music lesson. It was an urgent summons, and she at once asked and obtained permission to obey it. Three days' travelling day and night brought her to Maude's bedside, and there she found the stranger, who briefly explained the state of the case. Although greatly shocked and grieved, Elizabeth could not but see, in this terrible

overthrow of all poor Maude's worldly prospects, a merciful Providence interposing to save a soul on the brink of ruin. If only her life and reason were spared, there was everything to be hoped for in the future.

Elizabeth watched and prayed, and nursed her sister day and night, till she was rewarded by her opening her eyes one evening and whispering her name with an entire return of consciousness, though she was too weak to speak. The stranger, seeing Maude in such good hands, had left the villa. At first her story seemed to poor Maude as a hideous dream; but as she became stronger, Elizabeth gently but firmly led her to realize her position. Her misery and desolation were only equalled by her penitence.

"If I had not deserted my Lord," she would say, "He would have averted this terrible judgment."

Her first impulse was to ask for a priest; and fortunately an English one was found who was on his way to Milan, but who gladly tarried a few hours to give strength and consolation to the broken-hearted girl.

The baby had died, but the two other children remained, and as soon as Maude was strong enough to travel, Elizabeth felt that they must at once move homewards.

No letter had been received from Mr. S——, but money had been sent regularly to pay the household expenses. This, however, could not go on. Maude could not be indebted to him a moment longer than she could help, and many were the talks between the

sisters as to how a situation could be obtained so as to enable her to provide for the children. Father L—— was written to, and a poor but respectable lodging was found, where Maude and her children could be sheltered on their arrival in London.

It was a terrible trial to Maude's proud, sensitive nature to be thus forced to face again positive poverty, with the additional burden of two helpless children. But she bore it all bravely, accepting the mortifications and sufferings her position entailed as a merited punishment for her past wilfulness. To give music lessons was her first idea; but pupils came in slowly, in spite of all her efforts. Then a situation as matron was proposed to her, but at first rejected; for Maude could not bear the thought of leaving the children. But the autumn came, and there was no one in town, and her daily lessons failed altogether, and Maude and the children began to be actually in want of bread. Elizabeth, who had gone back to her situation, pinched herself and saved every farthing she could to send to her struggling sister; but her salary was low, and all her savings had been exhausted in the expense of the journey home.

At last even Maude's courage failed her, and she had almost yielded to the temptation of making her position known to Mr. S——, when Father L—— again interposed to save her. He came with a fresh offer of a situation for herself and an orphanage for the children, if she could only make up her mind to part with them. It was a bitter pain and struggle,

but at last grace conquered, and both offers were accepted.

Her character had been matured by suffering; and again and again, at the foot of the Cross and in the tribunal of penance, she had sought for and obtained strength for the hard sacrifices she was called upon to make. When the last day came, and she had to take the children herself to the home provided for them, she mastered her agony so as not to depress the spirits of the little ones, who, full of the novelty of their journey and of an entire change of scene, were less miserable than she expected, even when the sad moment of parting came. Father L—— was waiting for her on her return, having with his usual thoughtful kindness looked out the hour of the train, so that she might not come back to an utterly empty room.

"Courage, my child, courage!" were his first words of greeting. "You have taken a great step. You have placed the children where you know their souls and bodies will be well cared for, and now you will be free to go and earn an honest independence for yourself and them." And so he went on, letting her cry freely, and not even attempting to check her natural sorrow, while he put before her every possible motive for hope and confidence in the future.

Once more, the next morning, she knelt in the confessional for a few last words of help and encouragement in the new duties she was about to undertake, and once more she received at his hands the Bread of Life to strengthen her good resolutions.

And so we will leave her, hoping that the reader of

this true story may learn from her suffering the consequences of giving way to wilful and undisciplined inclinations, and of neglecting those safeguards which the Church has mercifully put in the hands of her children.

ST. EDMUND, KING AND MARTYR

BY J. ARTHUR FLOYD

ON entering the crypt of the church of St. Sernin, at Toulouse, a white marble tablet attached to the wall at once attracts the attention of the visitor. It records that "by the pious munificence of the Emperor Charlemagne, Louis le Debonnaire, and Charles the Bold, the illustrious Basilica of St. Saturninus received the remains of several Apostles, and of a great number of Martyrs, Virgins and Confessors of the Faith." A list of the names of these saints contains that of "St. Edmund, King of England." Who was this English king, the fame of whose sanctity was such that far away in Southern France his relics are enshrined in honour amongst those of apostles and other saints? The following pages give an account of St. Edmund of East Anglia, of the circumstances which resulted in the expatriation of his relics, and of their happy preservation from

destruction by the despoilers of shrines in the sixteenth century.

St. Edmund was the last of the East Anglian kings of the dynasty of the Uffings. His dominions extended over the country of the North-Folk Norfolk; the South-Folk—Suffolk; and part of Cambridgeshire. This district, known as East Anglia, was washed by the sea on the east and north; on the south lay the kingdom of Essex; whilst the great fen-land, covered in those days with water and marshes, ran along the greater part of the western frontier, and formed a natural defence against any aggression from the neighbouring kingdom of Mercia.

Uffa had founded and given his name to the dynasty of the Uffings in the year 571, and from the time of Eorpwald, who was assassinated—probably on account of his Christian Faith—in a pagan insurrection in 627, that dynasty became illustrious for the virtues of its kings, who, with one exception, were either canonized saints or men apparently not unworthy of the honours of the altar. The shortness of Eorpwald's reign did not permit of any organized attempt to introduce Christianity into East Anglia. For three years after his murder the sovereign power was wielded by the fanatical pagans who had put him to death, and then the legitimate royal family again came to the throne in the person

of St. Sigebert, who had spent his earlier years in exile in Burgundy, and had there been admitted to the Sacraments of the Christian Faith. At his accession he sent for his Burgundian preceptor St. Felix, who was raised to the episcopate, and received jurisdiction from Honorius, Archbishop of Canterbury, as first Bishop of the East Angles. St. Fursey, a saintly Irish abbot, together with a band of Irish priests and monks, opportunely crossed into England, settled in the newly-founded diocese, and placed themselves under the direction of its bishop. Schools, monasteries, and churches sprang up in all directions; and, through the zeal and fostering care of St. Sigebert, the divine truths taught by the missionaries spread throughout the district; paganism disappeared; East Anglia was added to the nations of Christendom; and subsequent ages have venerated St. Felix and St. Fursey as the apostles of the country.

Sigebert's devotion to religion became more pronounced as he advanced in years, and his vocation for a monastic life became so unmistakable that he resigned the crown and entered a monastery that he had established and dedicated to our Lady, at a place then known as Beodricsworth, now called Bury St. Edmunds. There he remained till the needs of his country and the importunity of his people induced him

to quit his retreat for a time in order to lead the East Angles in defence of Faith and Fatherland against Penda of Mercia, the champion of paganism. Unarmed, with only a wand in his hand, he directed his countrymen, and, falling on the field of battle, he was taken from earthly trials and Penda's rage. Faithfulness unto death met its reward in a crown of life, and in heaven the martyr monk pleaded the cause of his native land, and besought for East Anglia that marvellous courage and endurance and that fidelity to the Church which subsequently distinguished the rulers of St. Sigebert's line, and the people entrusted to their care.

In the first half of the ninth century the royal power was vested in St. Edmund's paternal relative and predecessor Offa of East Anglia. Elected in 793, at a time when the principality was at the mercy of the King of Mercia—also named Offa—he had been assisted in securing the throne, and in throwing off the Mercian domination, by the Emperor Charlemagne. During a long reign of sixty-one years he upheld the honour of his country, and defeated every attempt at its subjugation. In many a hard-fought battle he gave proof of his own valour, whilst at the same time he was, as an old chronicler narrates, "a respecter of justice and a lover of peace," and an ever-devoted son of the Church.

In due time the infirmities of age warned Offa that his kingdom must soon pass to another. He might reasonably have expected that the crown would descend to his only son Fremunde, who, however, had set his desires on a nobler heavenly crown, and was devoting his life to God in a hermit's cell. But the venerable king did not abandon the hope of continuing the royal authority in his own family, for this wish was subject to the will of God, and he trusted that he might incline the Divine Will to his assistance. His faith in God's power was unquestioning, for he had been taught that prayer was "suppliant omnipotence." With this belief, and with fullest confidence in the promise "Ask whatsoever you will in My Name and it shall be done unto you," he set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to renew his petition on the sacred spots that so vividly recalled the sublime mysteries of the Incarnation and Passion of our Lord. On his way through Saxony he rested in the Court of his relative Alcmund, who reigned over a part of that country, and there, for the first time, he met Alcmund's son Edmund.

St. Edmund was born in 841; at the time of Offa's visit he was a bright, winsome lad of about thirteen years of age. Early in life, so we are told, he was "devotedly attached to the Church," and at the age of fourteen knew the whole of

the Latin Psalter by heart. On his father's side he was directly related to the East Anglian royal family. His qualities and disposition at once won Offa's affection and esteem, and the good old king assigned the meeting with his youthful relative to the finger of Providence in reward for that faith which prompted this wearisome pilgrimage to the cradle of Christendom, and he saw in Edmund the long-wished-for heir, born of his own ancestral line. At his departure on his journey eastward he presented Edmund with a gold ring, saying to him, "My dearest son Edmund, accept this memorial of our kinship and affection, as well as of my obligation to you for your unremitting attentions to me. For these I thank you now and am reserving a special recompense for you, if such be the Will of God."

He reached the Holy Land, and there, with a fuller knowledge of God's love for man which Bethlehem and Calvary ever inspires, he confidently asked for that good thing which he desired for his country and himself. On the return journey Offa reached the place called St. Giorgii, when his increasing infirmities told him that his earthly pilgrimage was now at its end. Calling together his attendants, he nominated St. Edmund as his successor, and, having instructed them to deliver to the young prince the signet-ring which he himself had received from the

bishop at his own coronation, he passed away in peace.

With the consent of his father Edmund accepted the nomination to the East Anglian throne, and, attended by a suitable retinue, he sailed for England, and landed at Hunstanton in the year 855. On first landing he prostrated himself on the ground to ask for God's blessing on himself, his rule, and the people over whom he was to exercise authority. When he arose a number of springs "of sweet and crystal water gushed forth from the earth, as tokens of God's favour." A twelfth-century writer—Gaufridus de Fontibus—says of the springs: "To this our own day they excite the admiration of the beholder, flowing as they do with a continuous sweet and cheering murmur to the sea. Many sick," he says, "wash in these fountains and are restored to their former health, and pilgrims carry the healing water to remote parts for the infirm and others to drink." In this nineteenth century the late Father Joseph Lazenby, S.J. (a devoted client of St. Edmund) testifies that those springs still retain their health-restoring properties.

The nomination of Edmund to the throne was open to objection on account of his immature age, so that his election and coronation were delayed. The greater part of his first year in East Anglia was spent in privacy and study at a

royal residence at Attleborough, although once during this period of preparation, accompanied by St. Humbert, Bishop of Elmham, he appeared at a council held at Winchester under Ethelwulph, King of the West Saxons. Ethelwulph had just returned from Rome, where, in company with his younger son Alfred (afterwards Alfred the Great) "he had devoutly gone on a visit to the threshold of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and to the most holy Pope Leo"—the reigning Pontiff. A charter drawn up and confirmed by this council throws light on the practical charity and devotion to the Church that then prevailed in England. "Since we perceive," says this charter, "that perilous times are pressing upon us, that there are in our days warlike conflagrations, plunderings of our wealth, and most cruel depredations by devastating enemies from barbarous and pagan nations, and manifold tribulations to afflict us for our sins, even to our utter extermination; therefore, I, Ethelwulph, by the advice of my bishops and nobles . . . have consented and determined that there shall be given to the servants of God, whether male or female, or the poor laity, a certain hereditary portion of the lands, with a priority over every other tenure, namely, the tenth manse[1] always; but when that may

[1] "Manse implies generally a dwelling and a certain quantity of land annexed; sometimes it is synonymous with a hyde, or plough-land."

happen to be the least, then the tenth part of all their goods shall be given in perpetual freedom to Holy Church, that it may be safe and exonerated from all secular services, all royal tributes, great or small, or those taxes which we call 'wynterden.' And let it be free in all things for the release of our souls and the remission of our sins, that it may be employed in God's service alone. . . . This charter was drawn up . . . before the great Altar, in honour of Mary, the glorious Virgin and Mother of God, and of St. Michael, the Archangel ; and also for the honour of Blessed Peter, the Chief of the Apostles, and of our Blessed Father Pope Gregory."[1] The

[1] Quoted from *The History of Ingulf*, edited and translated by the late Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A., vicar of Leighton Buzzard, afterwards a priest of the Society of Jesus. In a footnote the editor expresses his conviction that this charter is "spurious," and in his translation of Malmesbury's *History of the Kings* gives, as his reason for this conclusion, that the date to which it is attributed is incorrect, as it seems, in all the MSS. of the last-named work. It may, however, be pointed out that Ethelwulph's donation is recorded in Asser's *Annals of King Alfred*—written within forty years of the Council of Winchester. It is mentioned in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle ;* in the tenth-century *Chronicle of Ethelwerd ;* in Malmesbury's *History of the Kings ;* in the *Chronicle of Melrose ;* and is in harmony with Ethelwulph's well-known devotion to the Church as evidenced by his pilgrimage to Rome and grants of money to the Pope and the Roman Churches. It is also to be noted that Father Stephenson's opinion was expressed in the days before a more extended study of the old English chroniclers had resulted in his submission to the Catholic Church.

archbishops and bishops of Anglia, three kings, and a large number of abbots, abbesses, dukes, earls, and the nobility of the whole land, were present, and all approved this royal charter, and the dignitaries subscribed it with their names. In this document we have a record of the earliest known official act of St. Edmund in East Anglia, for, as mentioned above, he took part in the deliberations of the Council of Winchester, and appended his signature to the aforesaid charter.

From the time of his landing at Hunstanton St. Edmund had "submitted himself to the direction of Bishop Humbert, by whose counsel and admonitions he became a prince endowed with all virtues, devotion, and Christian wisdom." On returning from Winchester to Attleborough that good bishop had persuaded the North Folk to confirm Offa's nomination of St. Edmund to the throne. This took place at Christmas, 855, but the South Folk were not committed to this election, since they were not represented in the council in which it was proposed and carried. During the following year reports were spread that the terrible Danes would sooner or later attempt an invasion of East Anglia. It therefore appeared to be more expedient that, for the protection of Faith and Fatherland, the South Folk should concur in the election already made

by the North Folk, in order to unite both under a common ruler, and the people clamoured for the settlement of the succession. A Wittenagemot[1] of the whole of East Anglia assembled, composed of princes, prelates, abbots, and of "the nobles and wise men" of the country. St. Humbert had convoked the gathering, was its leading spirit, and had at his command the weighty authority of the Church. His close and intimate association with the youthful candidate for the throne enabled him to form an accurate estimate of his character and qualifications; in his veins flowed the blood royal of the Uffing dynasty; he already held the royal signet-ring bequeathed by Offa; by that king he had been nominated to the throne. His valour had been tested by crossing the ocean and leading an expedition into their country, and his piety and intelligence were known to all. He was young, but each succeeding month was diminishing that objection, and the North Folk had already elected him to be their king. With a warmth of feeling enkindled by affection, together with a sincere conviction that he would make a ruler worthy of his noble ancestry, and a valiant champion

[1] According to Hallam, "The great council by which an Anglo-Saxon king was guided in all the main acts of government bare the appellation of Wittenagemot, or the assembly of the wise men."

of the nation's liberty and rights, St. Humbert pleaded his cause, and, persuaded by his eloquence, and by their own knowledge of the truth of his reasoning, the council finally elected Edmund King of the whole of East Anglia.

Christmas Day in the year 856 was appointed for the king's coronation at Bures, near Sudbury, and was the signal for rejoicing throughout the principality. The leading men of the little kingdom and the surrounding district thronged the streets of the old town. At the approach of the hour for High Mass a stately procession of acolytes, choristers, monks, and priests, with the holy rood borne aloft in their midst, emerged from the church door. Last in the long line came Bishop Humbert, "crosier in hand, blessing the kneeling people as he passed along" the road to the residence of the king-elect. Side by side prince and prelate walked in the procession on its return to the church. The holy ceremony commenced, and before the altar Edmund took the Coronation Oath. "I promise," he said, "in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, first, that the Church of God, and all Christian people, shall enjoy true peace under my government. Secondly, that I shall prohibit every kind of rapine and injustice, in men of every condition. Thirdly, that in all judgments I shall command equity to be united with mercy, that the most gracious

and clement God may, through His eternal mercy, forgive us all, Amen."[1]

After the gospel the consecrated oil was poured on the head of the king, and the bishop read the prayer: "O God, the strength of the elect, and the exaltation of the humble, who by the unction of oil, didst sanctify Thy servant Aaron, and by the same didst prepare priests, kings, and prophets, to rule Thy people Israel; sanctify, Almighty God, in like manner this Thy servant, that like them he may be able to govern the people committed to his charge."[2] Seated on a throne, he was clothed by the bishop in tunic and dalmatic. The thanes placed sandals on his feet, the royal purple on his shoulders, and, in conjunction with the bishop, the sceptre of mercy and the iron rod of justice in his hand. They offered him a naked sword, and put a helmet on his head, to remind him of his duty to protect his people against their enemies.

Having laid aside sceptre, sword, and helmet, the king presented himself before the altar and again declared that "by the grace of God he

[1] This Oath may be seen in Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. ii. p. 36, ed. 1806. It is translated from that which St. Dunstan exacted from Ethelred at his coronation. But it is much more ancient, and is found, in nearly the same words, in the Pontifical of Archbishop Egbert, who died in 766.

[2] Lingard, *ut supra*.

will fulfil all the duties of a good king." Taking the crown from the altar he handed it to Bishop Humbert, who at once placed it on St. Edmund's head. "Live the king for ever," cried the sainted bishop, and at once, from all present, came the response, thrice repeated in increasing volume, "Amen, Amen, Amen." The Sanctus was intoned, and, lowly bending, both king and people awaited the advent of the King of kings. Once again He descended to His altar throne, and was reverently greeted on earth by language inspired from heaven, "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini." Then the pent-up joy of that greeting mastered all restraint, and the "Hosanna in excelsis" rang through the church, expressing the emotion of hearts that realized the renewed corporal presence of Jesus, Mary's Son. The "Domine non sum dignus" expressed the innermost feelings of the kneeling king as humbly and reverently he again approached the altar to receive the Holy Housel, and the first act of his reign as crowned King of East Anglia was to pay homage at the feet of the King of Angels.

Throughout St. Edmund's reign the Danish invasions kept the kingdoms of the Heptarchy in a state of unrest and almost continuous panic. In 860 the Danes landed at Southampton, plundered the royal city of Winchester, and, after a repulse, put to sea, and coasted round to the Isle

of Thanet to set up their winter quarters. The people of Kent gave them hostages, and promised a sum of money; but to no purpose, for they broke the treaty, and "laid waste the whole district by nightly predatory excursions." Again we are told that Athelred, the son of Ethelwulf, "was personally engaged in hostile conflict against the enemy (the Danes) nine times in one year." To defend his dominions against their inroads St. Edmund is said to have thrown up the earthwork long known as St. Edmund's Dyke, which stretched from near Newmarket to the Fen country, and thus protected the one vulnerable point on the Mercian frontier. The rejection of the ancient name of this gigantic memorial of the martyr king's patriotism, and its rededication as the Devil's Ditch, is pointedly suggestive of the tendencies of the last three and a half centuries.

About the year 866 the Danes marched into East Anglia, and during the greater part of the year they devastated the country and burnt churches, monasteries, and towns. Whoever confessed the name of Christ was accounted an enemy; men and children were ruthlessly murdered, and the women taken into slavery. King Edmund could not have prevented this invasion, but he took care that the Danes should find no rest within his dominions. In skirmish after

skirmish he assailed them and cut off parties of their men, till, on the approach of winter, they retired to their strongly fortified position at Thetford and sued for peace. The king foresaw that an attack on the town would certainly result in the loss of a large number of his soldiers; hence, to prevent further bloodshed, he agreed that the Danes should remain, on their promise to cease from their depredations and leave the country in the spring. History warned him that they would keep their promise only as long as was necessary for their safety; consequently he kept so vigilant a watch on their movements that at length they turned their backs on East Anglia and marched back into Northumbria.

Two years later the Danes invaded Mercia, and were in possession of Nottingham, one of the strongest positions in the country, and there is reason to believe that St. Edmund assisted the King of Mercia and his other allies in the siege of that town, with the result that the Danes capitulated on condition that they should leave the country without molestation. An interesting reminiscence of this siege is extant in Abbot Ingulf's *History of Croyland Abbey*. A charter, drawn up at that time, which bears St. Edmund's signature as confirming its contents, reads as follows: "Beorred, by the gracious

gift of God King of the Mercians, to all the provinces, and to the people who inhabit the whole of Mercia, and preserve the Catholic Faith, wishes eternal greeting in our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Since in punishment for our sins," the charter continues, "we perceive the extended hand of the Lord daily impending over our heads with an iron scourge, I think it necessary and salutary to appease his anger by the pious prayers of Holy Mother Church, and the free donation of alms, and to implore his assisting grace in our necessities by worthy acts of devotion." Beorred then confirms the gift of the possessions of Croyland to Abbot Theored and the said holy monastery, "for the good of my soul, and for the remission of my iniquities." Finally, all the possessions mentioned in this charter, "the land, marshes, fens, churches, chapels, manors, mansions, cottages, woods, lands, and meadows, I grant, establish, and confirm to God and St. Guthlac, free, exempt, and exonerated from all earthly burdens and secular service, on behalf of the souls of the donors of the aforesaid gifts, and for the merit of my soul and the souls of all my progenitors and heirs, as an eternal alms to Abbot Theodred and his monks serving God in the Monastery of Croyland for a possession for ever. This my Royal Charter, in the year

of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, 868, . . . at Nottingham, in the presence of my brethren and friends and all my people assembled together at the siege of the Pagans, I have confirmed with the ratification of the Holy Cross." These were the means adopted by St. Edmund and his Christian contemporaries to appease the anger of God and to assert their firm assurance of the efficacy of the "pious prayers of Holy Mother Church."

The king had by this time fully justified St. Humbert's estimate of his fitness to occupy the East Anglian throne. A holy and celibate life and the impartial administration of justice had gained the esteem of his people, who, influenced by his example and that of his Court, "departing from the rude and boorish manners of their ancestors, began to be exceedingly civilized and polite." Although he was a lover of peace, yet "no English king made a more gallant stand against the Danes, none deserved better of his countrymen, none fell more heroically than Edmund of East Anglia. But in all he designed and did, he sought not his own glory. With mind and heart he looked to Heaven. He gave no thought to self or earth."

A narrative illustrating his personal courage is published from an authentic source in Mr. J. R. Thompson's *Records of St. Edmund*. On a

certain occasion the king was "in a castle which was considered impregnable. An old man, blind through age, and a pensioner of the king," was taken prisoner, and, "for a bribe, made known to the Danes a weak point in the fortifications, which he knew well from having superintended the building of it. The king mounted his charger, and galloped out of the gate through the midst of the Danish army. He was pursued and overtaken, and, being asked where the king was, Edmund (like St. Athanasius on a former occasion) bade them haste back. For, said he, when I was in the castle he was there. They let him go and returned to the castle, but soon found out their mistake; and, struck with terror, raised the siege from fear of what actually happened, for Edmund lost no time in collecting his forces, and the Danes were cut off and almost all slain as they deserved."

Two of the Danish leaders—Inguar and Hubba, the sons of Lothparch—were animated by deep-rooted personal hatred of St. Edmund due to the poisoning of their minds by a malicious charge of murdering their father. It appears that Lothparch had been driven by a storm on to the coast of East Anglia. The kindness he then received from St. Edmund roused the hatred and jealousy of the king's huntsman Berne, and he, taking advantage of a favourable

opportunity, slew Lothparch. The crime was discovered, and Berne, in place of immediate execution, was set adrift in an open boat without oars, and thus given a chance of life. Driven by the waves on to the coast of Denmark, he was taken before Inguar and Hubba, and accused Edmund of the crime which he himself had perpetrated. Their defeats in East Anglia added to their resentment, and inflamed them and their followers with a desire for revenge. A renewed invasion was the consequence. Leaving their headquarters at York, in the year 870, they destroyed on their march the monasteries at Peterborough, Croyland, Ramsey, Soham, and Ely. Hubba tarried at Soham with a strong force in charge of the baggage and the spoils taken from the inoffensive monks and from the inhabitants of the conquered towns and villages, whilst Inguar, with the rest of the Danes, advanced to meet Wulketule, who commanded the East Anglian army on the frontier. Having overcome and killed that brave soldier, he stormed Thetford—then the capital of East Anglia—massacred the inhabitants, and secured possession of the Castle Hill, an earthwork that had been thrown up by the Danes in an earlier invasion, and which overlooked and dominated the town and surrounding country.

News of the destruction of Wulketule and his

army and of the loss of Thetford reached St. Edmund at Framlingham, a central position, in which he was waiting to advance either to the coast or to the frontier, as occasion should render necessary. Undaunted by the disaster which had overtaken and deprived him of a large portion of his forces, the king determined to attack the Danish position, but, before the march commenced, messengers came from Inguar requiring Edmund "without any resistance to admit the Danes to a quiet possession of half his dominions, and to pay them subjection and tribute for the rest. But in case he refused these equal conditions, he and his subjects must expect the same or greater rigour than the provinces already conquered by them." Calling for the messengers, Edmund replied "that he was a king and a Christian; and in the former capacity, would never refuse to expose his life for the defence of his subjects; in the latter, he esteemed it unlawful to permit their impious superstitions to be practised in places where the only true God had been purely worshipped, for whose honour he was ready to endure the most cruel death that such horrible enemies could inflict."

"Having thus dismissed the messengers," says Matthew of Westminster—quoted by Cressy—"the pious king commanded his soldiers to

betake them to their arms, telling them how noble and necessary a thing it was to expose their lives for their country and religion, and not to desert those whose defence they had undertaken. The nobles, and even Bishop Humbert himself, seeing the king's resolution to fight, advised and encouraged him to go and meet the enemy, and not to permit him freely to waste more of his country." Whereupon, marching with his army to Thetford, a furious battle ensued, "with horrible slaughter on both sides, insomuch that the ground all about flowed with blood. Which conflict without intermission continued from morning till night, each party hoping and fearing by turns. The pious King Edmund in the meantime bitterly mourned the shedding of so much blood," although he knew that the death of "his own soldiers, who fought for their country and the faith of Christ, would be attended and rewarded with the crown of martyrdom."

Night closed in, and the Danes retired, leaving Edmund victor. He did not pursue them, but, with the remains of his army, marched to Hoxne, where he usually kept his Court. There news was brought to him that his vanquished antagonist Inguar had been reinforced by the arrival of Hubba with ten thousand men. No thought of his own danger troubled the mind of the king, but he could see that the entire loss of the army

under Wulketule, and the losses more recently sustained at Thetford, had rendered hopeless any attempt to subdue the combined Danish forces. He was persuaded that the Danes would give his countrymen no peace whilst he, their king, was alive; and with a desire "to prevent the further shedding of blood he determined not to renew the fight," but "to expose his own life only as a sacrifice for his country and faith, judging it expedient that one should die, and the whole nation perish not." Once again, as on a former occasion, "Bishop Humbert earnestly besought the king by flight to reserve himself for a better opportunity. This he utterly refused, as dishonourable to himself and harmful to his subjects, who would be more cruelly treated by the enemy if he himself by flight should seem to threaten a return. Therefore advising all to submit themselves to God's just severity, and not to provoke their enemies by showing a willingness to resist, he resolved to do the same. Laying aside his temporal arms and weapons he retired into the church, where he devoutly prayed unto our Lord that He would assist and strengthen him with His Holy Spirit and grace to sustain with Christian constancy the death which he expected." Thus armed with armour from the armoury of God, with weapons not of this world, prostrate before the altar, and with Bishop

Humbert by his side, he awaited the coming of the Danes.

He was not kept long in suspense, for Inguar, "having received information of all these things, sent soldiers and officers to take and bring away the holy king; entering the church, they drew him violently out of it, and having bound him with ropes, led him to the presence of their impious general, by whose command he was presently tied fast to a tree, and there for a long time cruelly whipped, and also treated with all expressions of scorn and contumely."

"The glorious champion of Christ showed no signs of fear or impatience, but with great fervour continued his prayers to our Lord, whose name he devoutly invoked. This increased the rage of his tormentors, whereupon, laying aside their whips, they took their bows and darts, with which, as in sport, they pierced his whole body in all places, so that in a short time there was not left place for a new wound." All this time "Inguar ceased not to urge and compel him to renounce the Faith of Christ and Confession of the Blessed Trinity. But perceiving how vainly he attempted to shake the unconquerable mind of this holy Martyr, who the more devoutly and with a louder voice called on the glorious name of Jesus, the enraged tyrant commanded the tormentors to cut off his head, which was

presently executed" on the 20th of November, in the year 870.

Thus St. Edmund achieved the greatest and noblest of his victories, the gates of heaven opened to receive another saint, and from His Hands, whose Name he ceased not to celebrate in the midst of his torments, he received the double crown of virginity and martyrdom. Once again the Cross had triumphed, although its champion had apparently been silenced in death, and before the century had ended a Christian Dane sat on the East Anglian throne. True, it was but a transitory gleam of sunshine seen through a rift in the clouds, but it was the harbinger of the days, then near at hand, when the whole of the Danes in East Anglia, and throughout England, became devout clients of St. Edmund, and fervent disciples of that holy Faith for which he had suffered at their hands.

A remarkable confirmation of the history of St. Edmund's passion came to light some years since. For ages the oak-tree at Hoxne, which tradition assigned as the one to which the saint had been bound, was preserved as a memorial of the heroic king. In 1848 it fell to the ground. On splitting up the trunk an arrow-head, bearing every indication of great antiquity, was found embedded in the wood. It was placed in the Athenæum at Bury St. Edmunds, and was ex-

hibited on the occasion of a visit of the Royal Archæological Society to that town. By that learned body it was held to be an unquestionable confirmation of the historical account of the martyrdom.

In 903 St. Edmund's grave at Hoxne was reopened, and, to the astonishment of the assembled clergy and people, the body was found incorrupt. "Yea, moreover," says Cressy, "the head was so firmly compacted to the body, as if it had never been separated. No wound at all appeared, only about the neck there was a round, purple circle, which adorned it more gloriously than any, the most precious chain, testifying what he had suffered for God." It was then translated to Bury St. Edmunds, and there enshrined. The body was unquestionably in that town in the twelfth century, for a trustworthy writer of that age—William of Malmesbury—says of the incorrupt relics of English saints: "There are altogether five which I have known of, though the residents in many places boast of more; Saints Etheldreda and Werburga, Virgins; King Edmund; Archbishop Elphege; and Cuthbert, the ancient Father. These with skin and flesh unwasted and their joints flexile appear to have a certain vital warmth and to be merely sleeping." Again in the year 1198 Abbot Sampson, in the presence of certain of the monks

of Bury, "saw and touched the body of St. Edmund on the night immediately following the feast of St. Catherine," and eighteen of the monks signed the document as witnesses of the fact.

After Abbot Sampson's time there is no evidence that the relics were ever again seen in Bury St. Edmunds, and "English historians make no further mention of miracles wrought by St. Edmund." Caseneuve treats their silence as a tacit admission that the body had been taken away. He further tells us that the Inventories of St. Sernin, made about the year 1440, mention the relics of St. Edmund as being then preserved in that church.

It was before the altar of St. Edmund's Abbey Church that the Barons met on the saint's feast-day, November 20, 1214, and bound themselves by oath to wrest Magna Charta from King John.

They invited Louis the Dauphin of France (Father of St. Louis) into England. He came over again at the accession of Henry III.; and during the course of his expedition occupied Bury St. Edmunds. Animated by the strongest desire to possess the relics of the town's great tutelar saint, he took advantage of his opportunity, and carried them away into France. The peerless shrine, of immense value, he left in the possession of the Community of Bury Abbey—a significant estimate of the relative value of relics and shrine

compared with that of more recent visitors of the sixteenth century, who stole that which Louis had never attempted to take, and which he had considered to be of incomparably less value than the holy body which it contained.

Soon after leaving England the rebellion of the Albigenses led Louis into Southern France. Carrying the relics of St. Edmund in his train he ultimately deposited them at Toulouse in the Augustinian Abbey Church of St. Saturninus. But, as if to protest against expatriation, nature has resumed her sway, and the flesh has left the bones of the sacred body. St. Edmund's intercessory power, however, is known to be as potent now as in the days when his adopted countrymen, and the descendants of his murderers, knelt around his incorrupt body and sought his powerful aid. Still he pleads for the land over which he ruled, and for the town in which he so long was honoured ; and his most earnest petition will have borne fruit when once again England shall be brought back to that ancient Faith which he adorned by his virtues and chastity, and for which he endured a martyr's death.

"Cannot."

WHICH Religion really believes the Bible?

"The Protestant," you will say, "of course. Is not the whole talk of Protestants about the Bible? Do they not scatter Bibles, as the sower scatters seed? Are there not Bible-readers, and Bible-sellers, and Bible-classes, and Bible-Societies, by the hundred?"

Yes: that is true. But to read the Bible, and talk about it, and sell it, is one thing; to believe it is another. Now when the Bible says a thing, who really believe it, the Protestants or the Catholics?

"A very odd question; why! I never heard of Catholics believing the Bible. They are never allowed to read it, and the priests burn all they can get."

Odd or not, will you look quietly into the question with me? I was once a Protestant and am now a Catholic, and it seems to me that Protestants never take the Bible to have a plain, straightforward, common-sense meaning like any other book. Other books mean what they say: the Bible alone, according to Protestants, means one thing and says another. Catholics, on the other hand, do always seem to me to have a common-sense, straightforward meaning for the Bible. Its sayings may be hard to understand and harder to do, but if the Bible says a thing, it is true, and must be believed, however difficult, and done, however unpleasant.

For instance—the Bible says, speaking of marriage, "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder." Now if I ask a Protestant what this means, he will tell me, "What God hath joined in marriage, let the judge and lawyers of the Divorce Court put asunder." But if I turn to a Catholic, he says, "Once married, always married. No man can put the married asunder." What! not even the Pope, or a General Council! Not all the Popes nor all the Councils. God only, Who joined them, can part them by death.

It seems to me that here the Catholic takes the Bible at its word, sticks close to its clear, common-sense meaning, and that the Protestant shuffles about it, and makes it say one thing and mean the opposite. "Let no man put asunder," is not the same thing as "Let the Divorce Court put asunder." Is it?

"They do not sound very much alike. However, one flower does not make a nosegay. Have you more things of the same sort?"

Plenty. I will go through a few, and I fancy you will have as big a nosegay as you can well carry.

1. The Bible says (S. John iii. 5), "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." I take this text to a Low Churchman of the Church of England, to an Independent, or a Baptist, or other Dissenter, and I say to him, "Do you believe that a man must be born again of water and the Spirit?" Well; he will say, of the Spirit; certainly of the Spirit. The water you know is a form, and no form can be necessary. The unbaptized babies doubtless go to Heaven without the water.

"Well, but," I answer, "the Bible says not Spirit only, but *water* and the Spirit."

Water is not necessary, they reply; that souls are born again in baptism is a soul-destroying doctrine.

I turn to the Catholic and ask "What do you think of this text?" And the answer is, What the Bible says it means; it says water and it means water; except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. Unbaptised babies, though they are not cast into torments, do not enter into Heaven.

Certainly the Catholic is the closest; and when I look into the Protestant's reasons, I find that the real cause of his not sticking so close is a fancy that God *cannot* save through water. How *can* a drop of water possibly touch the soul, and roll away sin?

Cannot ! says the Catholic on the other hand ; God can do what He likes through whatever means he likes. His power is shown best by the choice of weakest means ; and as a matter of fact, the Bible tells us that He has chosen water as a channel of grace and forgiveness. God's will is all we have to do with ; we know nothing about "cannot" when we speak of God.

2. I go again on another matter to the Low Church man or the Wesleyan, or Independent, or other Protestant. I ask, Do you believe that a man by the power of God forgives the sins of other men ? "Of course not," he tells me with a laugh of mockery if he be a merry man, or a scowl of indignant horror if he be of the severer sort ; "of course not, man *cannot* forgive the sins of his fellows."

"Well, but here is plain Bible on the point. The Apostles were men, and Our Lord said to these men quite plainly (John xx. 23), 'Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them.' Now if this does not mean that God gave the Apostles the power to forgive sins, what does it mean ? Is 'whosesoever sins ye remit' the same as 'You can't remit any sins ;' or is 'they are remitted unto them,' the same as 'of course they won't be remitted unto them ?'"

But come with me to the Catholic Church and ask the priest about it. "We know," we will say to him, for priests are mostly good-natured men and like a little fun, "we know that you are greatly afraid of the Bible, and never let your people see it for fear they should find you out. Now here is a plain text : dare you face it ? What does it mean ?"

Mean ! he will answer ; why ! of course it means just what it says, like any other straightforward truth-loving book. The Apostles were men, and being men they did remit sin ; and those sins were remitted. Of course through the power of God, not through their own power. God only can forgive sins, but He can forgive them *through* what instrument He pleases. And the instruments He used of old time were men, as is clear by the text ; and if He forgave sins of old time

through men, He will surely forgive sins through men now; for He does not change.

Really the priest does not seem frightened of this text at all events. He gives to the words their plainest, simplest meaning; the Protestant does not; he either gives the words no sense at all, or he puts upon them a crooked round-about meaning, not a plain meaning for plain words such as any other book would have.

Again the reason the Protestants have for not sticking to the clear sense is "cannot." God cannot forgive sins through man. "Cannot!" says the Catholic, "yes, through these stones if He pleases." The question is not about "can" or "cannot." The question is only, "What way of forgiving sins has God chosen; of what way does the Bible speak?"

3. A third matter. I go again with my open Bible to our Low Churchman, our Independent, or other Dissenter. It is open at S. Matthew, cap. 26, verse 26—"Take eat: this is My Body." I say to them, "Here are very simple words. Do you believe them? When Our Lord said, 'This is My Body,' did He mean 'this is My Body?'"

"Well! No," our Protestant friend will say, "He did not mean exactly, This is My Body; He meant, This is the figure of My Body."

But He does not say so:—He says, This is My Body, and, again, This is My Blood.

"No. He does not say so, but He means what He does not say. He says, this is My Body, but He means, This is a figure, a type, a likeness of My Body. He says, This is My Blood, but means, This is a figure of My Blood."

Then you will grant that your meaning is not the first clear, common-sense, easy meaning which the words would have? When it is written that the water was made wine (S. John ii. 9), you would not say that the first clear meaning of the words was, the water was made a likeness of wine?

"We suppose this must be granted. Our Protestant meaning is not the first clear meaning of the words."

Well, then! let us turn again to that un-scriptural priest who is so afraid of the Bible. What say you, Reverend Father, of these words?

"I say, what I have always in all things said, that the Bible means what its words seem to mean. The plain, simple, straightforward sense is the true sense. When our Lord said, This is My Body, it *was* His Body; when He said, This is My Blood, it *was* His Blood. Just as when a man says, this is a book, he means this is a book, not this is the figure of a book; so surely with Our Blessed Lord, Who cannot love to puzzle us by hiding His meaning under doubtful words. Why does our good Protestant think that our Lord meant one thing and said another?

"Oh! because it *cannot* be. It is impossible. Bread *cannot* become God's Body: wine *cannot* become His Blood."

Cannot again! Always cannot! In Baptism cannot, in Confession cannot, and now again cannot? What is it that God cannot do?

Surely the priest is here again the straightforward one of the two. He does not seem afraid of the Bible after all. It is the Protestant who seems afraid, who wriggles and shuffles a little, and does not give plain senses to plain language.

It will be perhaps the same with S. John vi. 53, "Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, ye have no life in you." Do you, Low Church, or Independent, or Wesleyan minister, do you really eat the real Flesh and drink the real Blood of God?

"No, certainly not; Our Lord means that we must eat the *figure* of His Flesh, drink the *figure* of His Blood; eat and drink His Flesh and Blood not with the body but only with the mind."

We turn to the priest, and his answer is straightforward as before. "What the Bible says it means. We do really eat the real Flesh of God; we do really drink the real Blood of God. He enters not into our soul only by His Spiritual Power, but His Real Body enters into our body, and is meat indeed and drink indeed."

Once more the Protestant flies from the simple sense of God's word; and once more with the same cry of "cannot." "How *can* this man," say they "give us His Flesh to eat?" just as before they said, "Who can forgive sins but God only?" And once more the priest flies not from the clear simple sense, but answers, "What God says, God means; and if it is hard, remember that with God there is no "cannot."

Hitherto the Catholics have been the straightforward people. You get from them a plain meaning for a plain text. It may be a deep text, and then you get a deep meaning; but for all its depth it is clear and plain. The sense sticks close to the words. "White" does not mean "black," and "black" does not mean "white." Now, Protestants always seem to me trying to make out that "black" in the Bible means "a little white," and that "white" in the Bible means "just a trifle black."

You think it very shocking of me to say such things? Well! let us try both parties with a few more texts.

Our Lord said to Simon the son of Jonas, "Thou art Peter;" and the word "Peter" certainly means "a rock." He promised him this name from the very beginning (S. John i. 42); He gave it him solemnly in presence of the other Apostles (S. Matthew xvi. 18). Now, certainly this sentence is a very simple one. "Thou art a rock" is clear and plain; and plain men, who are not afraid of the Bible, would take it to mean that S. Peter really *is* a rock.

Very clear and plain also are the words following: "Upon this rock I will build My Church;" plain men would in their child-like way suppose that Our Lord really did build His Church upon S. Peter.

Plain also are the words that follow: "The gates of hell," that is the power of hell, "shall not prevail against it." Plain men would suppose them to mean that, the Church being founded upon S. Peter, the power of hell has not prevailed, and does not prevail against it.

Now let us get some Catholic priest—it does not matter where you take him from, somehow or other they all of them always tell the same story, and the stupidest of them seems as clever in these matters as the cleverest—and put him side by side with a gentleman from S. Paul's Cathedral, another from the City Temple, a third from the Tabernacle, a fourth from Lady Huntingdon's miscellaneous college at Cheshunt, and as many more as you like from anywhere else, and let them talk about this text. Father Flanagan shall begin.

Fr. Flanagan. It is the plainest text in the world. Our Lord said to Simon, "Thou art a rock" and he became a rock.

S. Paul's. Not more than the other Apostles: "the Church is built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets." (Eph. ii. 20.)

Fr. Flanagan. Well then Our Lord would have called them all Peter. He does not: He says "Thou" not "Ye;" and when Our Lord says, "Thou" and speaks to one man, I take Him to mean "Thou."

The Tabernacle. I say S. Peter was no more a rock than the rest of us. We are all "lively stones." (I. S. Peter, ii. 5.)

Fr. Flanagan. Our Lord by solemnly giving him the name says that he *is* a rock more than the rest of us. He does not speak to all of us, but only to Simon son of Jonas. Else the giving of the name means nothing; it is made of "none effect."

Here at all events the priest seems to stick closer to the words than the others. "Thou art a rock" is not the same as "you twelve are rocks," or as "everybody is a rock."

But pray Fr. Flanagan, what do you think Our Lord meant by calling Simon a rock? How is he a rock?

Fr. Flanagan. It is all so simple and straightforward, I can't see any difficulty. Our Lord compares His Church to a house which He is going to build. Now "a house built upon a rock does not fall" (S. Matt. vii. 25.), because a rock is not shaken by the wind or storm. Our Lord therefore before

building prepares a rock to build upon. The rock was Simon the son of Jonas.

Yes! But what is meant by the "rock?" In what way could Simon the son of Jonas be the rock not shaken by wind or storm?

Fr. Flanagan. By being an infallible teacher of the truth. The rock of the Church is a teacher sent from God who cannot blunder. The power of hell on earth has been "lying," from the time that Satan lied to Eve about the fruit. But if a teacher of truth cannot be taken in by lies, and cannot lie himself, lying cannot prevail against him. He is as little to be moved as a rock, and the Church or society which listens to his voice is safe, so long as it listens.

City Temple. Christ Himself is that teacher sent from God. He is the rock on which the Church is built, and "other foundation can no man lay." You are honouring Peter that you may dishonour Christ.

Fr. Flanagan. God forbid! Christ Himself is certainly the Rock, the foundation of the Church; of this I am as certain as you; yet you have just yourself told me, one of you that we are all "lively stones," another that the Church is "built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets." How can Christ be the foundation and the Apostles a foundation also? In the same way Christ is the "light of the world;" yet He Himself says to the Apostles, "Ye are the light of the world." If Our Lord is "the light," and yet the Apostles can be "the light" also, I suppose Our Lord can be "the rock," yet S. Peter a rock also. The difference of course is that Our Lord is the rock by His own strength, S. Peter not by his own strength, but by the strength which God gives him. Christ was the light of the world by teaching His own truth through His own power; the Apostles were also the light of the world by teaching their Master's truth through their Master's power. So Christ is the rock on which the Church is built, because He is by His own power the infallible teacher of truth; Peter is the rock on which the Church is built, because he is by Christ's power the

infallible teacher of truth till the world's end. Against Christ error, which is the power of hell, could not prevail, because He is God; against Peter error cannot prevail, because he is sent by God and taught by God. Christ is the unseen rock in Heaven, Peter the seen rock on earth, who leans upon Christ, and so leaning is able to bear up the Church. In other words, Christ taught the truth infallibly while on earth; when He went away from earth He no longer spoke to us with His own human lips; He chose therefore other human lips through which He might speak; the lips He chose were those of Peter. He gave him the power to teach truth without blunder; and, through Peter, Christ teaches us till the end of time. The words therefore of Our Blessed Lord mean as follows;—"Thou art a teacher whom I will keep infallible; on thy teaching guided by Me I will build my Church, and false teaching shall never prevail against thee, so as to make thee teach error for My truth."

What do you mean by saying that Christ teaches through Peter till the end of time? Peter is dead.

Fr. Flanagan. "The King is dead—Long live the King." Peter himself is reigning with his Master. But Peter's office is not dead, his Church is not dead, his Bishopric is not dead. Many Churches founded by Apostles have died and passed away. Many Bishoprics have been removed; S. Peter's Bishopric has not been removed. Just as, when a king dies, his kingly power goes down to his son, so when Peter died, his power of teaching without error went down to the Bishops who came after him, even to our present Pope Leo XIII. who now sits in Peter's chair, and speaks with Peter's power not to err. If it were not so, if it was only to Peter himself, not to the Popes who came after him, that the promise was made, then the Church would hardly be founded on a rock. S. Peter would die, the rock would be removed, and the Church might fall.

I think this is one of your deep texts with a deep meaning, and terribly long you have been about giving it. Still the priest's sense, deep as it is, sticks close to the

words. Now let us see. You said that Peter was and is really a rock?

Fr. Flanagan. Most certainly. Christ took him into a share of His own office of rock of the Church.

And you, Reverend sirs?

S. Paul's. Well! It is a difficult text. Yes: a rock, certainly a rock; a rock, probably my dissenting brethren will agree with me, a rock by character: S. Peter was a firm-minded strong man.

Fr. Flanagan. For many reasons this will not do.

1. In all other cases in which God Himself gives a name, the name describes *not* the character but an *office*. With Abraham and Sarah and Joshua and the Holy Name Jesus, it is so.

2. It is not likely that Our Lord should have solemnly given and made such a point of a name which merely described a man's character.

3. It is not true of Peter's character. He went to walk on the waves and sank; he was scandalized at the thought of the Crucifixion; he slept during the Agony; he denied his Master with oaths: naturally he was surely not a rock in character.

You say that on S. Peter Our Lord built His Church?

Fr. Flanagan. Most certainly.

And you, Reverend sirs?

S. Paul's. Well no! not on S. Peter. On Himself, or on the Truth.

But He Himself says upon S. Peter: He does not here say on Himself or on the Truth.

S. Paul's. Well, but this must be the meaning of it. Otherwise Popery would be true, and Popery, you know, is not true.

You say also that the power of hell, that is, error, does not prevail against the Church because it is built upon S. Peter's See of Rome, and S. Peter is the rock?

Fr. Flanagan. Certainly.

And you, Reverend sirs?

S. Paul's. Oh ! that cannot be right. Of course error did prevail against S. Peter's See of Rome. Rome became terribly corrupt.

Who then has the truth ?

S. Paul's. Well ! nobody exactly has the whole truth. Every sect has got something wrong : each of them teaches some truths and some errors.

It seems to me, then, that the power of hell has prevailed very fearfully. The Church has been built upon sand. Lies and truth are taught together ; and the truth with *no* mixture of falsehood which Jesus taught is gone. The priest's sense is surely deeper, more honourable to God, and at the same time simpler and nearer to the words. Father Flanagan, I am your convert. You are a better Bible Christian than the others.

Our Protestant friends will again give their reason "Cannot" for thinking S. Peter not to have been really a "rock." A sinful man, they say, a rock ! An erring human creature like ourselves an infallible teacher ! Impossible ! God *cannot* make a man infallible. At least, not in 1886. It is true that the writers of Scripture were infallible, but that was long ago.

Long ago ! has God grown old and feeble ? He *cannot* do now what He could do before ! He could make Isaiah infallible, perchance even S. Peter himself, but not Leo XIII. Not amidst gas, and electricity and steam, and Armstrong cannons, and Schneider rifles and big telescopes, and daily discovery of wonderful bones—the thing is impossible.

God is and will be as He was—says the Catholic—the same to-day as yesterday. He, who kept erring man infallible of old, keeps him infallible still ; He does not change ; He loses neither strength nor love. Certainly the Catholic opinion sticks close to the Scriptures and close to common sense also. It is neither Scripture nor common sense to think that God has changed, and does not deal with men as he used to deal.

5. Let us try another text or two. Here, Father Flanagan, is a text from S. James: "Is any one sick among you?" it says, "let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." You Catholics take this text in its plain meaning, do you not?

Fr. Flanagan. Of course we do. We take every text to mean what it says. What would be the good of texts if they did not? When we are sick, we send for the elders and they pray over us, anointing us with oil.

And you, Reverend sirs?

S. Paul's. We have no such custom. S. James, you see, wrote of a custom existing in his days; suitable for hot countries and those times; it would not do now.

Fr. Flanagan. Then these words are of "none effect." They are no use in these days except to puzzle plain people. S. James certainly does not say anything about hot countries. India is hot enough for most people; would my reverend brethren anoint there? It seems to me that a good deal of Scripture might be got rid of in this way, if we may say of any thing we please that it is not for our time or our climate. What makes you think that S. James spoke only for his own day and not for all times?

S. Paul's. Well! there is nothing exactly in the Scripture about hot countries and his own times; but you see we don't do it, and of course we should do it, if it was right. Besides what is the use of it?

The Tabernacle. We Baptists used to anoint the sick at one time:—Kiffin did it; but we have left it off now; it is probably a thing we may do or not do just as we please. But I don't see the use of it myself.

Fr. Flanagan. S. James very clearly tells us the two uses; healing for the body, forgiveness of sins for the soul: "The prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

The Tabernacle. A drop of oil cure the sick! It *cannot* be.

City Temple. A drop of oil forgive sins! It *cannot* be.

Fr. Flanagan. Cannot again! What cannot God do? Does not S. Mark tell us that many that were sick were anointed with oil and healed? (Cap. vi. 13.)

The Tabernacle. Oh! but that was in Apostolic times.

Fr. Flanagan. Apostolic times! And is not God alive now? What He could do in Apostolic times, He cannot do for us, and in these days!

City Temple. But forgive sins! Through oil!

Fr. Flanagan. Through these stones if He pleased. The question is what He does please; and these words very clearly say that He pleases to forgive sins to the sick through prayer and the anointing with oil.

It is very odd. Here we are getting a great number of texts on all of which the priest is plain and straightforward, and talks common sense; while, with all respect to our good Protestant brethren, they seem just a trifle given to shuffling, and putting inconvenient texts on the shelf. I fancy that if Fr. Flanagan was to take to Bible-burning, there would be a text or two which he would pick out of the flames. Clearly "anointing with oil" is a different thing from "*not* anointing with oil;" and leaving off what the Apostles order in the Scriptures is not so Scriptural as doing what the Apostles order in the Scriptures. Father Flanagan, you bad Bible-burning priest, I give it for you again; you are the best Bible Christian of them all. Have you any other text to discuss with S. Paul's?

6. *Fr. Flanagan.* Well! To myself it seems that from Genesis to Revelations—from cover to cover—the Protestants are all wrong about every text altogether; but I suppose this will be thought a wild Irish thing to say, so I will pick you out another verse or two. It shall be about one or two troublesome little things that we do, and you do not. For instance, in S. Matt. xix. 21, Our Blessed Lord certainly says to the rich young man, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor." Now, in the first

place, you do not, I think, in any Protestant body, talk about being perfect. You do not preach sermons about perfection, as distinct from simply "keeping the commandments from your youth up." (Verse 20).

S. Paul's. Well no! it would be an indiscreet subject. Men's works are worth very little. The best of us are unprofitable servants. What can a man do more than keep the commandments? We certainly do not talk of perfection.

Fr. Flanagan. But you see Our Lord does talk of perfection, and while both of us claim to follow Our Lord, you Protestants do not talk of perfection, and we Catholics do. We say that keeping the commandments is one thing, being perfect is a higher and better thing—and this is what Our Lord says. Which of us so far agree with God and the Scriptures?

S. Paul's. Certainly Our Lord does speak of perfection here.

Fr. Flanagan. Yes; and He says that selling all that we have is not part of the commandments, but part of being perfect. Now is it at all a custom among you in the Cathedral, the Tabernacle, or the City Temple, to sell all that you have and give to the poor?

S. Paul's. We are charitable to the poor, I am sure. There is always somebody at me for a guinea to a ragged school here, and a soup kitchen there, and I am Governor myself of a score of hospitals, and asylums, and institutions to meet every evil under the sun. But I don't know about selling all that I have. I never heard of anybody exactly doing it. My wife would think it injudicious, and I don't think I could advise any young man to do quite as much as that. It seems to me one of those passages in Scripture that were not meant to be taken too literally.

The Tabernacle. A difficult passage. We have great charities. The orphanage at Stockwell is a noble thing.

Fr. Flanagan. A noble thing, I grant you, nobly planned, and founded by noble charity. But it is not selling all that you have?

The Tabernacle. It is not. But is this Scripture to be taken literally? Do you sell all that you have?

Fr. Flanagan. Certainly those who aim at perfection do. Every day rich men and rich women sell all that they have and give to the poor.

The Tabernacle. And what do they do then?

Fr. Flanagan. Follow Him. Enter convents and monasteries, or the priesthood, and follow His life of poverty, and fasting, and hardship.

The Tabernacle. Oh! convents and monasteries! Cracow, Prague, Belgium, and Hull!*

Fr. Flanagan. Rubbish. Come, come, stick to the point. Our Blessed Lord tells you, if you want to be perfect sell all hat you have and give to the poor. Do any of you do this thing? Yes or no?

S. Paul's. Honestly we do not.

The Tabernacle. We do not.

City Temple. We do not.

Fr. Flanagan. We do. Which of us is Scriptural?

I will only take two things more, for we must not talk over every doctrine and every text of Scripture. It would take two or three life-times. Here is another point very much like the last. Our Lord tells us in very strong language that there are "eunuchs, which have made themselves eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake."

Father Flanagan how understand you this?

Fr. Flanagan. I understand our Blessed Lord to say that it is good not to marry for God's sake. He says that it is not given to all men to remain unmarried, but only to some; but He encourages those to whom it *is* given; "He that is able to receive it," says He, "let him receive it."

*For answers to Protestant attacks on Convents, see *Calumnies against Convents*, and other Pamphlets, published by the Catholic Truth Society, to be obtained from their Depôt, 21 Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.; or from S. Andrew's Press, Barnet.

When then Our Lord says "let him receive it," you take Him to mean that people are to receive it; and that those who are able, do well to remain unmarried for God's sake?

Fr. Flanagan. Certainly: that is the plain simple sense; our Lord cannot surely mean by such words as "make themselves eunuchs" to recommend marriage.

And you, gentlemen?

S. Paul's. It is a difficult text. We do not generally speak much about it. You see the Apostle says, "Marriage is honourable in all."

Fr. Flanagan. Oh! fie, for shame! You know you are giving a wrong translation. Come, come, we shall never find out the truth, unless we are ourselves truthful. You know the Apostle's words are, "Let marriage be kept honourably by all." But here at all events, our Lord does not say, "Marriage is honourable in all:" He says distinctly, "Making themselves eunuchs is honourable in some."

The question is simply this. Our Lord and the Scriptures encourage men to remain unmarried for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. Do you encourage men to remain unmarried for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake? Do you ever praise it, or advise it, or in any way promote it?

The Tabernacle. Well! we do not. In fact, to be honest, we encourage men to marry, and think the unmarried state not so good as the married. We do not care about monks and nuns. The life is too severe: men *cannot* live it.

S. Paul's. I think with you. I do not believe it possible.

City Temple. We cannot do it. A wife is very useful in the ministry.

Fr. Flanagan. Cannot, again! Oh! ye of little faith! Do you really forget that what is impossible with man is possible with God? Do you believe at all that God is a God of power?

The Tabernacle. But surely forbidding to marry is one of the errors of Rome. We have said so these 300 years.

Fr. Flanagan. Forbidding to marry! Who talks of for-

bidding marriage to those who want to marry? Not we. After a baptism, there's nothing I like so much as a marriage. The question is, if a man wants to make himself a eunuch for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake, whether he may do so? You say no, and call him all kinds of bad names. Precious tyrants we think you for your pains. I say, if a man wants to marry let him marry, but if he wants to be single for God's sake, in heaven's name leave the man alone, and let him be single. Come, come, be honest; the simple point is this: Our Lord praises men for keeping themselves single for God's sake; is it a practice among you to keep yourselves single for God's sake?

S. Paul's. Our bishops marry, our deans, canons, clergy, and laity. I do not think it is.

The Tabernacle. It is not.

City Temple. With us it is not.

Fr. Flanagan. With us it is. Once more, which of us is Scriptural?

Oh! Flanagan, Flanagan, you bad boy, when next you burn a Bible, pick out this text and keep it. I declare you have the best of it again.

There is only one thing more we will talk about. Fr. Flanagan, I met the other day a woman of your creed, who declared to me that she had been quite cured of rheumatism, lumbago, and I don't know what besides, by the relics of some saints. I asked her to let me look at them, and she showed me a little bit of a bone that I could hardly see, and a piece of black rag that she said was part of some holy woman's dress. When I told her it was the doctor's stuff that cured her, she got so angry that I had to run out of the house like a shot, half afraid of a stool, or some other unpleasant missile, coming after me. Now, this may be all very well for poor old Goody Maguire, but you do not mean to tell me, Father Flanagan, that you educated Catholics will call such a thing as that Scriptural?

Fr. Flanagan. Not Scriptural! Why! if there is a doctrine clearly proved by Scripture, I should think it was the doctrine of relics.

S. Paul's. Well! I never!

The Tabernacle. It is not in our Bible. It must be in some of your books we don't believe in; or some wrong translation, or something.

City Temple. I never read anything about relics that I remember.

Fr. Flanagan. There it is. You don't half read your Bibles. You have got your favourite texts, and you stick to them. Talk of my burning Bibles! It seems to me that you clip and cut your Bibles to pieces. Now my dear Tabernacle, the Second Book of Kings—we call it the Fourth Book, but that does not matter—is in your Bible, is it not?

The Tabernacle. Of course it is.

Fr. Flanagan. Well! I will let you use your own translation. Now just turn to the 13th chapter, and read verses 20 and 21.

The Tabernacle. "And Elisha died, and they buried him. And the bands of the Moabites invaded the land at the coming in of the year.

"And it came to pass as they were burying a man, that behold they spied a band of men; and they cast the man into the Sepulchre of Elisha: and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood up on his feet."

Fr. Flanagan. Well it was not the doctor's stuff which cured that dead man?

The Tabernacle. No; he was dead.

Fr. Flanagan. Nor the man's own faith?

City Temple. No; he was dead.

Fr. Flanagan. Nor the faith of those who threw him in?

S. Paul's. I suppose not. They wanted to get away from the Moabites. They do not seem to have brought him in faith for the purpose of throwing him in.

Fr. Flanagan. If they did bring him for the purpose, it

would prove that they believed—like Goody Maguire—in the power of a holy man's bones. But they did not. Now, by the plain text of Scripture, if it were not the doctor's stuff, nor the dead man's faith, nor the living men's faith, what was it that raised the corpse to life ?

S. Paul's. I think we must say it was dead Elisha's dead bones.

Fr. Flanagan. And what were dead Elisha's dead bones but the relics of a saint ?

The Tabernacle. It is curious ; I don't think I ever thought of the text. But dead bones raise the dead ! It cannot be.

Fr. Flanagan. Oh ! Cannot, cannot, cannot ! I tell you it was.

City Temple. But bones ! God only can raise the dead.

Fr. Flanagan. Of course. Am I a baby that you tell me such A B C as that ! Of course God only. But cannot God raise the dead through the bones of a saint, or through any instrument He pleases ?

The Tabernacle. Of course He can, if He pleases.

Fr. Flanagan. And does not this text show that He did so please ?

The Tabernacle. Yes ; in old times.

Fr. Flanagan. In old times ! Does God change ? What He did under the Old Testament, in the time of fear, He will not do under the New Testament, in the time of love ! Again I say, oh ye of little faith ! You believe in a God of the past ! You do not believe in a living God of the present.

Hush ! Father Flanagan. You are getting a trifle hot, and red in the face. I must say I think you have made out about the bones. But what about Goody Maguire's bit of black rag ?

Fr. Flanagan. I will give you but two texts more, for I grant you do make a man hot. In the same Second Book of Kings, chapter ii., we are told that Elijah, when he went up in a fiery chariot, let fall his mantle, his cloak ; only what you would call a rag, mind you ; a mere piece of stuff.

Now, Elisha took it up, and he did a thing which none of you could, according to your religion, have done. "He took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters," which looked very much like the same sort of trust in a rag which Goody Maguire showed, "and he said, where is the Lord God of Elijah?" which sounded very like trust in the merits and prayers of a saint, who had gone from earth, "and when he had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither; and Elisha went over."

S. Paul's. But that was the power of God, not of the mantle.

Fr. Flanagan. Oh! dear, dear, dear; of course it was the power of God; but it was the power of God using the mantle as His instrument. If not, what was the use of Elisha's smiting the river with a piece of stuff? You do not dream that we think a Saint's cloak will heal us by any power in the stuff itself! It is God, using it as He used Elijah's mantle. You cannot get into your heads the notion of God's using weak, worthless instruments.

City Temple. It was the power of prayer. Elisha prayed.

Fr. Flanagan. Granted. But he did not pray only. He prayed and struck. If prayer was enough, why strike? And his prayer was a strange one. He did not kneel down and ask God to divide the river. He did not pray to *his* God. He said "Where is the Lord God *of Elijah?*" He used Elijah's mantle, and prayed to Elijah's God. Surely the plain meaning of this is that the river was divided for Elijah's sake, by the prayer of Elijah in Paradise, and that God gave such strange power to Elijah's relic to show that it was for his sake.

The Tabernacle. Well! well! granting all this, yet your text is from the Old Testament. Things were more outward in the Jews' religion; after the coming of the Holy Ghost all things became spiritual and inward. We don't want saints' mantles now. You cannot give me one instance from the New Testament.

Fr. Flanagan. Can't I? How I do wish you men would

read your Bibles. Among your other societies, do please form a Bible-Reading Society, and read it fairly. Do you really not remember how a woman with an issue of blood was cured by the hem of Our Lord's garment? Or did you never read how handkerchiefs and aprons were carried from S. Paul's body to the sick, and how devils fled from a piece of stuff?

City Temple. I never read it; I don't think it is in our version.

Fr. Flanagan. It is there, and you have read it. But you won't notice these things. It is in Acts xix., verse 12.

The Tabernacle. It is there sure enough. It must have been the people's faith.

Fr. Flanagan. Faith! The poor people had plenty of faith before the handkerchiefs touched the bodies; but never an inch did the devils budge for their faith till the handkerchief got near them. They might have asked S. Paul simply to pray, but they didn't; they used the relics. Besides, what did they have faith in? They clearly had faith in that in which you have *no* faith, the power which God gives to a mere rag which has touched a saint's body.

S. Paul's. It cannot be. A rag!

The Tabernacle. It cannot be.

City Temple. It cannot be.

Fr. Flanagan. Then you don't believe the Scriptures. Oh ye of little faith!

Ah! Father Flanagan. I see you read the Bibles before you burn them. I declare you have beaten them again.

Fr. Flanagan. Beaten them! How could I help it? The Catholic Church *is* the Bible. The Church and the Bible being both from God are one and the same thing; and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

THE BIBLE SAYS WHAT IT MEANS.

WHICH RELIGION REALLY BELIEVES THIS?

Certainty or Uncertainty?

YOU want to find the Truth?

"I do, Father."

And you have lost your way, amidst many Religions, each differing from the rest, and each declaring itself true?

"Completely."

Will not this be a fair way of knowing the real Truth from the sham Truths; this—as the true Religion must be from God, full of the Mind and Character of God, in whichever of all the Creeds you find the divinest Picture of God, Truth, Mercy, Justice, Love, Holiness, that Religion will be the true one. If of two Religions one shows to us God more loving, the other less loving, the former must certainly be the true account of a God, Who is boundless Love.

"That certainly seems reasonable. If God would have us love Him, He must have given us a true Picture of Himself, or we could not love Him."

Very well; we will apply this: we will see whether it is Catholic Doctrine or non-Catholic Doctrine, which gives to God the great honour of painting His Truth and Love and Power and Wisdom, and all His other attributes. But one warning first. You must remember that God is One—and that the true Religion will not tear His attributes asunder, showing Him as a God of Mercy, but not also of Justice, as a God of Forgiveness, but not also as a God of Holiness.

"Truly this must be so. A Religion which would destroy any part of God must needs be false."

I am glad we agree so far. And now to begin. Let us take the very thing about which you have come to me to-night—your hopeless uncertainty about which is the true Religion. Tell me; you are a father of children. Let us suppose there was something very important to—say—your elder boy, Rob—a fine lad he is, too, and a frank open face it is a pleasure to look upon——well! you love him very much, as I know, and he has a world of happiness all hanging upon your teaching

him the way to get it. He has but one chance of getting it, a certain time to try for it, and if he miss it he misses it for ever. It is only you who can teach him. He can't find it without a teacher, and you are the man who holds the secret.

"A good thing for Rob if I had such a happiness to give him; he'd get it, sure enough, poor boy, for love him I do."

Exactly: now then what sort of Father would you think yourself if, knowing all about it, you did not show him the way, nor give him clear directions, when to go and where to go and how to go and all the rest, but left him in a sort of mist to grope his way as he might, or with just a few general hints which might lead him wrong or lead him right.

"I should never rest till I had made all things so clear that he couldn't miss it except by his own fault."

Exactly: now Heaven is a far country, have you ever seen it?

"Never; nor anybody else alive on this earth to-day."

And God, have you ever seen Him?

"How can I, Father, if He is a Spirit?"

And we must get to Him?

"If we are to be happy: of course we must."

And He is the Only Being who can tell us all about Himself, and His Will, and all He wants us to do or not do.

"Of course; if others are to tell us truly, it must be because He sends them: but we can't learn about God for ourselves —that's certain—if we can't see Him and can't hear Him."

All depends then on our getting to Heaven: we can't get to Heaven if we don't know the way, and we can't know the way unless He tells us. Now what Religion puts Him before us as a kind loving Father—the Religion which says He has taught us and does teach us to-day, and will teach us to time's end, every single thing that is good for us to know, quite certainly, quite clearly, so that we can't go astray, unless we are determined to go astray: is this the Religion which makes a kind Father of Him, or is it the Religion which says He has left us all in the state in which you are now, groping about in mists and fogs?

"Of course, Father, it will be much more loving and kind

if God has guided us quite certainly, than if He has left us in the fog. Is that what you Catholics say? Are you quite certain yourself, Father, about the way to Heaven?"

Look up to Heaven, and tell me, do you see the Sun?

"Of course, Father."

You are certain it is there and gives light?

"Quite certain."

More certain am I about the Catholic Faith. We might be deceived about the Sun and its warmth:—only the other day I read in a paper an idea that the Sun is cold. But about the Catholic Faith it is wholly impossible that we can be deceived. Whether our knowledge about the Sun be true is of no great matter; whether we know about the way to Heaven, about the God Who made us, is the one thing which does matter, and about that one thing God has made us absolutely certain; though we be unlearned and unlettered, fools and simpletons, babes and sucklings, our good Father in his kindness has made every Catholic, though he be but a simple child, absolutely and wholly sure. Is this kindness?

"It is so indeed, if it be as you say."

And more Fatherly by a long degree than the picture which non-Catholic Religions give us of God; for they tell us that He has left a book, and out of that book each must find all about God for himself; so that certain he cannot be, unless he would make himself out a Prophet, and more than a Prophet, one who knows the real meaning of the book by his own finding.

"And don't you Catholics know the meaning of the book?"

Most assuredly; but not by our finding it out. It is by our Father's showing that we know it. Now which is the loving Father—he who leaves his children in the mist, or he who guides so that they cannot err?

"He who guides so that they cannot err."

And this is the Picture which the Catholic Faith gives of God—the Father Who guides, so that every atom of Truth which God has taught is known to us so clearly that we cannot err. The God of the Catholic Faith is therefore the God of Love.

S. Andrew's Press, Barnet.

The Immaculate Conception.

THE spotless Creation of Mary! Of itself it is surely a happy and a pleasant doctrine that anyone should be sinless in a world of sin. Bad men might hate it; but good men would wish it true, if true it could be. There can be no pleasure in sin that we should desire to fasten it upon Mary, if in truth she was sinless.

Why then do good men, who are not Catholics, dislike it? Simply because they do not understand it. They have a fancy, and it is only a fancy, that by believing Mary to be sinless we make her equal with God. We have ourselves heard a clergyman of the Church of England, educated with an University education, and as good as most men are in times so ill, assert, with all appearance of believing what he said, that Catholics, by declaring Mary to be free from sin, had made her a God. Thinking that Catholics had done so, he was jealous of his Maker's honour. Truly if it were possible that the Catholic Church could so bid us worship a creature, men—aye! the very stones—might well cry out against Her. But how can men—reasonable, educated men—be ready to believe such monstrous things of fellow-Christians? If they were not ready, they would inquire; if they inquired, they would certainly find out that it was not so. Is it hate or love that makes men easy of belief in ill?

Let us think quietly what we give to Mary when we say that sin never touched her, and whether by our words we honour or dishonour God. If in the least tittle we dishonour Him, then is the doctrine false; if by our belief we give Him not less honour, but more, then is the doctrine true.

In the first place what do we give to Mary when we call her created without sin, which should make her equal with God? Is God created? Do Protestants really think that God is a sinless creature? It would seem so, for they say that if Mary is a sinless creature, she is made equal with God! Surely they do not understand the boundless distance between the uncreated God, Who creates all things, and the highest and grandest of the creatures He has made. To call Mary conceived, is at once to say that she is of herself *nothing;* that she should be of herself one atom more than simply nothing, is an absurdly impossible thought which would never enter, could not enter, into a Catholic's brain.

And then it is nothing new that we give to Mary. If she was created sinless, so surely were the angels; so surely were Adam and Eve, our first parents; so surely, had not Adam fallen, should we all have been spotless from the first. A sinless Creator must needs create a sinless creation. But because the angels were created sinless, are they therefore equal with God? Because the Scriptures tell us that Adam sprang immaculate from the dust, and Eve immaculate from Adam's side, do they therefore make them Gods? It is nothing new that we give to Mary. Only the old gift that He gave to countless millions of the angels: only the old gift that he gave to His far-off forefather, Adam, who rebelled against Him. And what He gave to the angels, His servants, whose nature He took not, is it strange that He should have given also to Mary, His Mother, whose nature He took? What He gave to His far-off mother, Eve, who fell, is it likely He should have kept it from His own dear Mother who bore Him, and who fell not? See, it is nothing new that we give to Mary. The Mother is equal to the angel; that is all.

And which gives honour to the All-holy God? Is it honour to Him, the Spotless One, Who is crucified by the shadow

of sin; is it honour to Him that soul after soul which He creates, since Adam's dreary fall, should be seized upon by sin at once, snatched out of its Creator's grasp, and born into this world all spotted and dishonoured and defiled? Surely no! God the Creator is not honoured by sinful conception. Nothing sinful can in any way honour Him. The grand dishonour was brought to Him when Satan flung the dark stains, by one effort of his hate, over every soul that should live in God's world. Is it honour to God the Creator, or dishonour, that out of such a wreck He should have plucked one soul, His Mother's? The Immaculate Conception of that single creature destroys Satan's triumph over God's world. "Thus far shalt thou come and no further," was said to the dark ocean of sin that came rolling on, and on the shore of Mary's spotless soul the waves were stayed by the power of God Who made it, and the pride of Satan's strength was humbled. "Here, here, let me enter here: this soul too is mine!" But no, you come only where God permits, and God, if He permits you to soil the rest of His Creation, keeps to Himself a Paradise where you enter not, one place on sinful earth where He may lay His Head, one tiny spot of creation on which He may still look down and see that it is "very good." Surely it is joy that Satan's victory was not complete.

Some of you at least there are to whom Mary's Immaculate Conception should not be strange. Some of you there are—and they not a few—who tell us that no child is born in sin, that babies need no baptism to enter into Heaven, that in truth there is nothing to wash away, for the soul is spotless. And yet you who hold that every conception is immaculate, that all souls come unspotted into life, you too will join the cry of those who say that in calling Mary spotless from the first we make her a God. Your own dead

child was spotless; in that no blasphemy; but Mary spotless from the first! that forsooth is to dishonour God!

"BUT the point in which you dishonour God is this. If Mary had no sin, she did not need a Saviour. If there was no spot, no need to wash her in the Precious Blood. So there is a human creature, one of a fallen race, who is in Heaven not through Our Saviour, and our Saviour is dishonoured by a creature who seems to have saved herself and not to have been saved by Him. What you say about the spotless creation of angels and of our first parents is true enough. The difference is that they were not fallen, and therefore did not need a Redeemer as we do. If an angel is sinless, yet he has only what all other angels have; he is sinless in the midst of the sinless; his sinlessness does not make him more than an angel. But if Mary is sinless she has more than other human beings; she is sinless in the midst of the sinful; where all others need forgiveness and a Saviour, she does not; and for one of a fallen, guilty race to be sinless without a Saviour is surely to make her something more than a guilty man, something very like a God."

Sinless without a Saviour! Who teaches this? Not we. Mary is the *triumph* of the Cross: among the saved she is most saved; among the redeemed she redeemed most triumphantly. Of all doctrines that are taught none does so much honour to God the Saviour as Mary's sinless Conception.

Here is where your mistake lies. You suppose us to think that Mary was sinless by her own nature, by some power of her own, which would be of course to dishonour the death of Christ. We do teach the very opposite. We teach that Mary was sinless only by the power of the Cross. As the Cross wins for us forgiveness of sin, so the Cross won for her

preservation from sin. The foul river of sin streams down from Adam upon all of us and when it has touched us, then the Precious Blood washes it away; but between Mary's soul and the foul stream of sin the same Precious Blood stood up like a wall and drove it back; she was the City of God, and the wall that hurled back her foes was the Blood of Christ; she was a Castle, the Tower of David, and the streams of the Precious Blood ran round her like a moat. Had not the Saving Blood so stood between her soul and sin, the foul tide would have burst in upon her too as upon us. If then we are saved, much more she; if we must fling our crowns in Heaven at our Saviour's feet she must lay down that brightest of crowns of hers at her Saviour's feet with more deep thankfulness than we all. "My soul doth magnify the Lord!" is still the special song of her who was alone kept spotless.

"But our Lord had not died when Mary was conceived; how then did his death keep her from sin?"

God foresaw His death; in His Father's sight He had already died; the Lamb, as the Scriptures tell us, was slain from the foundation of the world; Abraham's Saintliness was won by the foreseen death of Christ, as much as Mary's sinlessness; no blessing, no goodness, no mercy, from the Fall to the Cross, was in the world save only because of Christ's coming death, just as no Blessing has been since, save only because of the death that is past. In truth, there is neither future nor past with the Eternal God. Time, though we cannot understand it, is ours, not His.

"Then the Immaculate Conception after all makes Mary only a saved creature?"

Surely only a saved creature; but saved more perfectly, with a more thorough and triumphant salvation. To prevent is surely something greater than to cure. When the three

children were thrown into the furnace of fire, it would have been much if God had let them be burned by fire, and then by a touch healed them; but it was more and greater that they should walk in the fire unharmed, and not even the breath of fire pass upon them, because there was one with them like unto the Son of God. So Mary walked in the midst of the furnace of sin, but its breath passed not on her for the Son of God was with her. When Daniel was in the lion's den, he would have been grandly saved, if God had let them tear him, and then healed his wounds; but he was more grandly saved, when the lions' mouths were closed, and he was not torn at all. So Mary stands grandly saved by the salvation of sinlessness, while the devils raged around the one spotless creature against whom God sealed their mouths. How could it honour God the Saviour that He should let the devils tear her?

See then how you who wish to honour our Lord, and really love Him, yet rob Him of His grandest triumph, His completest victory over sin. With us He is a grander Saviour than with you. You say that He could not or He would not so save His Mother that sin should not touch her. Either He was weak to save or unwilling to save His Mother with a complete salvation. You affront either His Power or His Love.

MARY'S sinlessness is the Saviour's glory. As the wounded Body of Christ at the Father's right hand is the glory of God, showing His tenderness and love in taking our nature and dying in it for us, so is Mary at the right hand of Jesus the glory of Jesus, showing how powerful to save and how willing to save was that pierced hand and wide-open heart. It is quite curious to think how we Catholics, who are said to make Mary more than creature

and to deny her need of her Saviour's Blood, do in fact, far more than others, make her owe all her grace and all her glory to that saving Blood, and make her do ever the one work which marks her for a creature and a saved creature, the work of unceasing prayer through the merits of her Crucified Son. The first moment of Mary's being is with us a feast-day. Why? Because at the first moment she, and she only of all creatures, was saved, and saved perfectly, by her Saviour's Blood. We cry out to Mary to pray for us in heaven. Why? Because she is chosen out of all creation to do more perfectly than others the work of a creature, the work of prayer. So far from being more than creature, or one who needs not a Saviour, she is in fact, standing before her Saviour's throne, made whiter than any of us by His Blood, the very type and specimen of saved creation, the very proof of the power of the Cross.

Mary's sinlessness is the Saviour's glory—the comfort and happiness of the wounded Heart of Christ. Those who tell us that she was not sinless, not only rob the Cross of its grandest triumph, its completest victory over Satan, but deny to Our Lord's suffering heart the one consolation and sweetness which made up to Him, His life through, for the cruelty and the suffering, the coldness and unkindness, which the world heaped upon its God.

No creature was kept wholly sinless by the Precious Blood but only she; and there is this sweetness about her sinlessness, that as it was our dear Lord's greatest triumph, His most perfect victory over sin, so it was a triumph won before he died, won before He lay in her womb, so that it went with Him His whole life through, the one joy of the Man of Sorrows, the one glory of Him who suffered shame. Through His Precious Blood He asked of His Father one prize that might be all His own; one captive ransomed by

the treasure of His Blood told out drop by drop upon the Cross, whom He might bind in the chains of love, and do with after His own sweet will; and there He saw her, the ransomed captive of His Sacred Heart, growing in grace before His human eyes, as He grew in stature before hers, watched her rising every moment higher and higher and nearer to Himself, saw her changing each moment into a truer and nearer image of His own perfections, felt her drinking in the rivers that poured upon her out of His Sacred Heart, and knew as He built up this temple for Himself, and overlaid it within and without with purest gold, knew, felt, saw the power of His death and its value in His Father's eyes. Elsewhere there might be failure, but there was no failure here. Other hearts might reject; other hearts might be icy with half-love; here was a heart on which, as often on her breast He had pillowed His infant head weary with tearful watching, so to His life's end He might lay down His weary weeping heart, and be at rest. A mother's true comfort to a true Son, that entire confidence and thorough knowledge and perfect oneness of two hearts which is the joy of all mothers and of all sons who love each other, but which between a Human Mother and a Divine Son could only come of sinlessness, such was the comfort which Mary gave to Jesus.

How like a failure was Bethlehem! He came unto His own and His own received Him not. They drove Him from door to door on Christmas Eve; and as He lay between the beasts on the rocky stall, none came from the busy town to worship; the shepherds who had heard the angel's voice, but only they. For many a hundred years Jerusalem had been waiting for Him; but when He came, and when the three strange kings passed through with their train of precious gifts, and frightened Herod roused the city to hear

of its Saviour's birth, none of all that startled city, not one of all the saintly Pharisees or Scripture-loving Elders went down even in curiosity to see the Babe for whom they had looked so long. Was it worth while to have left His Father's bosom and taken flesh, that men might come and look on Him and stare and pass Him by? It was worth while, for Mary had been wholly saved. In her He came unto His own and His own received Him. Though the world despised, yet one spot, one Paradise, He had saved for His Father's glory out of the contemptuous world, and that spot was Mary.

How like a failure was Egypt! True, the idols fell down before Him, but the idolatries went on, and the idolatrous hearts fell not. God dwelt in the midst of them and they knew it not; and none came near to worship. And the sins of Egypt and its idolatries pressed upon Him. Surely it was hard to die for these. But Mary was wholly saved to His Father's honour, and the death which saved her was not hard to die.

How like a failure was Nazareth! So little did they know Him, that when He came to preach to them, they said the words of sneering unbelief, "Is not this the Carpenter's Son?" They drove Him from them; they bound even His Almighty power, so that He could not work His miracles. Was Nazareth a failure? Nay! it was there that Mary was conceived; it was there that, at the moment of her conception, Sin and the Precious Blood met like two armies, and sin was routed and driven back, crushed and broken, to have no more uch strength again for ever; the foot of the new-created Babe was pressed by the power of the shameful Cross on the fallen crushed head of Satan. Nazareth a failure! It was there that through the Cross He built up His new world, Mary! It was there that He fashioned her,

and hung grace on grace on her, and decked her for His Bride, and took His joy in the heaven of her heart, and pined to show His love for her by dying that death by which He purchased all her beauty. Ever across that cottage in Nazareth lay dark the shadow of the Cross; Mary, who alone of all creation resisted not the Cross, it was she who made that shadow bright for Him,

How most like a failure was Calvary! The three-and-thirty years of prayer for man, the three-and-thirty years of sorrow of heart and self-sought pain of body, the three years of gracious words and gentle converse, the three years in which the deluge of graces had come rushing down, and miracles had poured from Him, quicker than words, more numberless than raindrops, the three years in which He had drawn men around Him, pressing on Him in the city, racing after Him over the sea, watching round Him in the desert, fainting, hungering, thirsting, but still well pleased to watch on—and all to end in this! A sermon on the Mount again, but a sermon at which no patient multitude sits listening, but an angry rabble stands defying. Once more all men drawn after Him, but drawn after Him not to bless but to curse, strike and crucify. And the hearts that loved the most fled in cold cowardice. Only the Mother left, and the brother, and the one crouching penitent, out of the thousands whose sins had been forgiven; out of the millions who had heard his wondrous words and seen His wondrous works.

But this is not all. Had this been all, it had been little. Follow him at midnight there into that lonely Garden of Gethsemane; see Him writhing like a worm with His face buried in the dust, and enter there into His bleeding, wounded Heart. It is the agony of failure that drives the Blood out of every pore. Burning with the love of man,

pining, thirsting, yearning over souls, eager to shed His Blood for those poor souls, He yet looks on and sees for what countless souls His Blood will flow in vain. On to the world's end He looks, and sees a world still dark with unbelief, a Christian world still torn with false belief, and Christian lands still foul with blots of heathen sin—looks on and sees huge cities, seeming-Christian, steaming with incense of foul lust, and murder, lust's child—and worse, far worse—sees Catholic lands and Catholic cities, and many a Catholic heart, sacred perchance with mark of priesthood, or vowed within convent walls, untrue to Catholic faith and Catholic life, greedy for gold, eager for pleasure, worldly with pomp and vanity and much business, hateful with half-love. Oh! dreary picture to the Crucified Heart, of an uncrucified world! Was it worth the while to die for such a world as this? Was it worth the while that His wasted Blood should be squandered so prodigally on huge cities still sin-laden, and Catholic lands still careless, and cloistered hearts still cold?

AMIDST all the agony of the Cross-resisting hearts, there was one heart in which His Cross had not failed. It was Mary's heart. Was it the beauty of Mary that the angel showed Him, when the comfort came amidst His agony, and He rose calm and untroubled, and with such Divine majesty, to meet His foes? Many and many a host of saved and ransomed souls, many and many a rank of souls rescued spite of their coldness, crowned spite of their infidelities, but amidst them all one only wholly spotless, one Dove undefiled, one spotless pearl of untold price for which He was well pleased to give His all, to pour out every drop of saving blood. Though the world was unfaithful, Mary was

sinless, and to win her sinlessness it was worth the while to die.

So when upon the Cross there rang out through the thick darkness of the shuddering city that sharp piercing cry, "I thirst," Mary's sinless soul was the drop of water that cooled His burning tongue. It was for souls He thirsted: on His tongue indeed the burning fever; but in his parched Heart the still more burning thirst for souls, and for sufferings that might win the souls. Oh! for another ocean of suffering to roll over Him if only souls might be saved! And, while men mocked His parched tongue with vinegar, His Father brought to His thirsting Heart the sweet waters of Mary's spotless soul.

Did I not say right that Mary's spotless soul was the glory of our Crucified God—the glory of God the Saviour; the glory of God the Creator, for so one spot of His sinful world was not snatched from His creating hand; the glory of God the Saviour, for so there was one soul in which His Cross worked all its wonders, and won whole triumph over sin; the glory of God who sanctifies, for so there is one soul which was His temple from the first, where He dwelt fashioning it as he pleased.

So the honour of Mary is the honour of God who made her, of God who saved her, of God who built up her holiness. The higher we think of Mary's created holiness, the higher we must think of that awful uncreated holiness from which the magnificence even of her holiness is but as a spark. He who thinks meanly of Mary, thinks meanly of God's creating Love, meanly of the Cross, meanly of the power of the Spirit. He who robs her of the least of her glories is in truth a pilferer from the Throne of God.

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AN ENEMY OF THE RACE[1]

BY SIR ANDREW CLARK, M.D.

Introductory.

I THINK it is just to say of ourselves that we are a patriotic people, and I, for my part, know of no question which strikes home so forcibly upon the character of the nation as this one question of the appropriate mode of using alcoholic drinks. If we wish to see this nation prosperous, if we wish to see this nation take its right and just place among other nations of the earth, and if we wish to be sure that the influence which this nation shall exert upon the progress of civilization, and upon the welfare and the physical happiness as well of mankind, we shall be well assured of the justness of the answer which is to be given to this question.

But whilst we are a nation we are also a people. Two lives go to make up the life of a nation. There is, first of all, the individual life, and then the collective life of the individuals, which makes what we call "the life of the nation"; but if I may be forgiven for saying so, far before the life of a nation is the life of every individual soul who forms a part of it—and if the question of the proper use of alcoholic drinks is important for our welfare as a nation, surely in a much stronger sense it is important

[1] A Lecture delivered at Great Portland Street Schools, London, July 7, 1881.

for us, as individual souls, fraught with all the business of eternity upon our backs, to determine what is the right use of alcohol.

Now, if this question is important in this two-fold aspect, what a solemn sense of responsibility must be upon the shoulders of those who come forward to speak about it, and especially upon the shoulders of those who come forward and speak about it with authority! Two things, as it seems to me, are necessary: one is, that he who presumes to speak authoritatively upon this subject shall know it, and the next is that however dear a certain side of the question may be to him, he should speak about it not with the mere desire to succeed, not with the desire of triumph, but with a loving, reverent, solemn desire to state the truth about it, and nothing but the truth.

Now I venture to say that I know something about this question. For twenty-five years at least I have been physician to one of the largest hospitals in this country. It has been a part of the daily business of my life to ascertain the influence which alcoholic drinks exert upon health, and I have taken a personal interest in this part of my duty, and not only through this professional channel I have mentioned to you, but often through personal experiment. I have endeavoured most earnestly to get at the truth on this subject, and certainly I think I am justified in saying to you that after these twenty-five years I know something about it. I have to inquire into the habits and relation of habits to health of about 10,000 people a year, and that doesn't go for nothing after all these years. In the next place, I wish to speak, and I am determined to speak, nothing but the truth. It would be very pleasant, it is very attractive in one who has a cause to advocate, not to be too particular in the statements which will advance it. I do not mean to say that any good man who has a cause at heart will be disloyal to the truth—far from it—but I do mean to say that sometimes in our earnest advocacy of a good cause, we forget what is to be said upon the other side. Now, I do not mean to forget to-night what is to be said upon

the other side ; and I begin therefore the first statement which I have to make to you with a qualification.

I am going to speak about the influence of what I call the excessive use of alcoholic drinks. Alcohol is a poison. So is strychnine ; so is arsenic ; so is opium. It ranks with these agents ; but of these agents arsenic, strychnine, opium, and many others—there is this to be said, that in certain small doses they are useful in certain cases, and in certain very minute doses they can be habitually used without any *obvious*—mark what I say—prejudicial effect upon health. Therefore when I speak of alcohol, you will remember that I am speaking of it with this reservation, that as far as human knowledge has gone, as far as the most earnest and unprejudiced inquiry has led us, there are certain doses of alcohol—they are very minute, depend upon that, exceedingly minute—in which this poison can be habitually taken without any obvious, without any sensibly prejudicial influence upon the human frame. What these minute doses are—I repeat that they are very minute—I am not going to stay to discuss to-night ; but for the truth's sake, to which I choose, as I told you, to appeal on this occasion, I must mention it, and I must remind you that when I am speaking of the effects of alcohol, I am speaking of the effects of alcohol in these very minute doses.

The Influence of Alcohol upon Health.

And now, having thus far cleared the way, let me proceed to say in a word what my experiences with respect to the influence of alcohol are upon health. I dare say people would like to know what health is, and I should like exceedingly to be able to tell you, but though I have been twenty-five years a doctor, I do not know to this day what health is, though I will try and indicate it to you. I cannot define it, because it is undefinable. Health is that state of the body in which all its functions go on without notice or observation, and in which existence is felt to be a pleasure, in which it is a kind of joy to see, to hear, to touch, to live. *That* is

health. Now that is a state which cannot be benefited by alcohol in any degree—nay, it is a state which in nine times out of ten is injured by alcohol. It is a state which often bears alcohol without sensible injury; but I repeat to you, as the result of long-continued and careful thought, it is not one which can in any sense be benefited by alcohol. Health can sometimes bear alcohol without obvious injury, but be benefited by it—*never*. I go further than that. I do not pretend to speak to you as a total abstainer, but I hope all the rising generation will be total abstainers. I venture to say to you that there is a certain state of joy of existence—for I cannot call it anything else—a sense in which one feels what a pleasure it is to look out, for instance, upon the green fields, to hear pleasant sounds, to touch pleasant hands, to know that life is a satisfaction—this, I say, is a state which, in my experience, is always in some way or other injured by alcohol. This is a state in which a sort of little discord is produced by alcohol. This is a state in which, sooner or later, the music goes out of tune under the continuous influence of alcohol. From the sins of our forefathers, or from the unsuitable surroundings in which we dwell, or from our own doings, somehow or other this ideal life seldom or ever comes to any one of us, and there is therefore a secondary sort of health, not like the one described, which is the health of most of us, and the question is, What of it? what does alcohol do to it?

I have two answers. The first is that sometimes this sort of health apparently bears better with alcohol than the other; and the next answer is that sometimes this state of health *seems* for a time to be benefited by alcohol, and this is exactly the sort of health which forms the great debating ground of the experience of different people with respect to the use of alcohol. There are some nervous people—people who are born into the world to be always ailing and yet never ill. There are people of this stamp who always feel a relief from taking a little alcohol, and they come to the conclusion that they could not live without it, and they ought not to live

without it. Now I have a profound sympathy with all people of this kind. Health of this sort is a heavy burden to bear in life. It is always oppressive, and is that sort of a burden which makes people say, "I could always be happy, but my health is always coming between me and my happiness." This is the sort of health in which alcohol seems sometimes to do good, and with which I have such sympathy that if the alcohol (and here you will see my first and only heresy, from which those of whom I am speaking get an immense degree of comfort) be taken in the minute doses described, I have allowed it, and have not observed that they have suffered from it. This, I say, is a class of people for whom I have such a profound sympathy that I say sometimes, "Take your little drop of beer, but take care you never go beyond it." I do not defend it as right, but I show you simply what I think.

Now, as regards the influence upon *health*, I sum it up in this. First, that perfectly good health will, in my opinion, always be injured even by small doses of alcohol—injured in the sense of its perfection and loveliness. I call perfect health the loveliest thing in the world. Now alcohol, even in small doses, will take the bloom off, and injure the perfection of loveliness of health, both mental and moral. Therefore, seeing that there are some people born into this world with very feeble health, particularly nervous people, who are not really benefited by the use of alcohol, but who feel a certain comfort from the use of it, and who, because they do feel that comfort, imagine themselves better fitted to do their duty, and this little help being within the minute quantity of a poison which I think safe to take, I forgive them, and say, "Well, you have got into a habit of it, go on; but take care that you don't get your children into the habit with you."

The Influence of Alcohol upon Work.

I will ask your attention next to the question of work. There are two ways in which this question of the

influence of alcohol upon work can be determined. One way is by appealing to personal experience, and the other—and perhaps the better way—is by appealing to a carefully conducted experiment with bodies of men. Now, I will try both questions. First, what is the average result of an experimental inquiry into the effects of alcohol upon individuals as regards their work? Now here I must draw your attention to a fallacy which is very apt to arise in performing an experiment of this kind. I should say to a man: "If you want to determine this question about the influence of alcohol upon your work, do perform your experiment fairly. You will please go for a month with alcohol, and see how you get on, and then cut it off altogether, and see how you get on then." People are of different constitutions, and there are some of such nervous types of constitution and mere habit is such a force with them, that they think if they do not have their daily allowance of alcohol they must be ill. The first difficulty in the way of experimenting with such people is that when they try the experiment of doing their work without alcohol they say they think they must be ill; and when the accustomed time of taking the alcohol comes round, they think it is evidence that the plan is not going to answer well because they miss their accustomed beverage, and they begin to be on the side of expecting failure. They are sure to tell some of their friends, who, of course, condemn the "mad experiment," and say: "Beer is necessary; you are not looking so well already, and if you go on you'll see where you'll land." The poor man is in the position of an army going up to battle with the consciousness that it is going to be defeated, and you know the chances of success in such a case. I have no hesitation in saying that if a man has the courage to cast aside the imaginative difficulties which surround an experiment of this kind, and say, "None of your nonsense! I mean to try it honestly"; he will succeed. People always look a little paler or thinner under such an experiment, but *bulk is not the measure of power, nor colour the measure of health.*

Now, I venture to say as a working man myself—I take it that I work as hard as most, for I have eighteen hours a day at my work, working in a hurry, and with very anxious subjects to work upon, and if that is not hard work when it goes over Saturday and Sunday as well, I know not what is—that I have my personal experience to speak of, and I have the experience of the enormous number of people who pass before me every year. That does not go for nothing after ten years. If I do not know something about the subject now, I must be a bigger fool than I imagine myself to be. If there is any honest man who really wants to get at the truth, and will not be set from his purpose by people condoling with him about his appearance and the result of his experiment, and will try the effect of alcohol upon work, I would tell him fearlessly, and I would risk all that I possess upon the back of the statement, that as certainly as he does try the experiment for a month or six weeks, so certainly will he come to the conclusion that, however pleasant alcohol is for the moment, *it is not a helper of work*. It is not only not a helper of work, but it is a certain *hinderer* of work; and every man who comes to the front of a profession in London is marked by this one characteristic, that *the more busy he gets the less in the shape of alcohol he takes;* and his excuse is, "I am very sorry, but I cannot take it and do my work."

The most loyal, careful, faithful and truthful observer whom ever it was my good fortune to know—the late Dr. Parkes, of Netley—began life as a physician in London, and would have risen, I have no doubt, had he remained there, to be one of the first physicians of the metropolis; but his health was not good, and he went down to Netley. He was an earnest lover of truth, and this question of alcohol exercised his mind continually, and he tried in various shapes and ways to bring the question to such a test that even the most sceptical might be convinced by the results of his experiments. He performed this one amongst others. He got a number of soldiers of the same age and of the same type

of constitution, living under the same circumstances, eating the same food, breathing the same atmosphere, and he did this that the experiment might be fair, and he divided the soldiers into two gangs—an alcoholic gang and a non-alcoholic gang—and he engaged these two gangs in certain works for which they were to be paid extra. He watched these gangs, and took the result of their work, and it turned out that the alcoholic gang went far ahead at first. They had buckets of beer by their side, and as they got a little tired they took beer, and the non-alcoholic gang were in an hour or two left nowhere; but he waited and watched as I told you, and as the experiment went on the energies of the beer-drinkers speedily began to flag, and do what they would before the end of the day the non-alcoholic gang had left them far behind. When this had gone on for some days, the alcoholic gang begged that they might get into the non-alcoholic gang, that they might earn a little more money; but Dr. Parkes, in order to make the experiment clinching and conclusive, transposed the gangs. He made the alcoholic gang the non-alcoholic gang, and *vice versâ*, the men being very willing to lend themselves to the experiment; and the results were exactly the same. The alcoholic gang beat the non-alcoholic gang at the starting, and failed utterly towards the end of the day. This is the most conclusive, and, I think, by far the most crucial, experiment, that I know of upon the question of the relation of alcohol to work. With this I will set aside this question by saying, from personal experience, and from experiments most carefully conducted over large bodies of men, that it is capable of proof beyond all possibility of question, that *alcohol, in ordinary circumstances, not only does not help work, but is a serious hinderer of work.*

The Influence of Alcohol upon Disease.

Now, as to the effect of the use of alcoholic drinks upon disease. I went to my hospital to-day, thinking that I should have this terrible ordeal to go through

to-night, and not knowing, indeed, how I should go through it. Well, thinking of my lecture, I walked through the wards, and I asked myself this question, How many of these cases are due to natural and unavoidable causes, and how many are due to alcohol? Now remember what I said at the beginning of these informal remarks. I do not desire to make out a *strong* case. I am speaking solemnly and carefully in the presence of truth, and I tell you I am considerably within the mark when I say to you, that going the round of my hospital wards to-day, seven out of every ten there owed their ill-health to alcohol.

Now what does this mean? That out of every hundred patients whom I have charge of at the London Hospital, seventy per cent. directly owe their ill-health to alcohol. To the abuse? I do not say these seventy per cent. were drunkards, but to the excessive use. I do not know that one of them was what you call a drunkard: on the whole it is not the drunkards who suffer so much from alcohol. There are a number of men that we know to be drunkards. They get drunk, and they get sober; and they won't touch the accursed thing for months to come, until somebody tempts them. These are not the men who suffer most from alcohol. These are the men who, conscious of their infirmity, and horribly ashamed of themselves when they recover, will remain virtuous for months and months. No, the men to whom I allude are the men who are habitually taking a little too much. The curse of this is that they feel so jolly and comfortable, and full of jokes and fun, that other short-sighted people almost envy them their condition. These are the men who go into company, who are full of life, who are always begging of you to have another glass, and all that sort of thing. They are very good fellows, do their work well; but they are always drinking just a little more than the physiological quantity I mentioned at the beginning. Now these are the men who, taking a little more than they require or can use, looking well—yea, often feeling well—are yet being sapped and undermined by this excess. Day by day, just as the grass

grows and you can't see it—day by day this little excess, often a little one, is doing its work. It upsets the stomach, the stomach upsets the other organs; and bit by bit, under this fair, and genial, and jovial outside, the constitution is being sapped, and suddenly, some fine day, this hale, hearty man—whose steps seemed to make the earth rebound again and the rafters re-echo with his tread—tumbles down in a fit. That is the way in which alcohol saps the constitution.

As I looked at the hospital wards to-day, and saw that seven out of ten owed their diseases to alcohol, I could but lament that the teaching about this question was not more direct, more decisive, more home-thrusting than ever it has been. Though I do not want to appeal to your emotions, or to make a fine speech with fine phrases to catch you through your feelings, I want to catch you if I can by your plain reason, or common understanding. I must ask you, in passing, what do these seven men in ten stricken down by alcohol represent in social life? Each one of these men was perhaps a husband and a father, with a wife and family depending upon him for their daily bread. Any man of but small experience who knows what it is to have the head of the house cast down at an early age by early disease (as almost all the diseases produced by alcohol are); any such man must know what a terrible history is the history of the family which depends upon the head when that head is stricken down by the diseases produced by alcohol, and it is too terrible for me to enter upon on such an occasion as the present. I am not saying, because I have no means of saying, in human life, in society at large, what is the percentage of victims which alcohol seizes upon as its rightful prey. I do not know, I have no method of coming accurately to the conclusion; but I know this, that not only does a large percentage of such diseases as I have mentioned, but a great mass, certainly more than three-fourths of the disorders in what we call "fashionable life" arise from the use of this very drug of which I am now speaking. Now if you think of that, and think for one moment of the

fact I have told you, that in this London Hospital seven out of ten of those whom I have seen to-day, lie there maimed for life by this agent, that a great mass, perhaps the greater mass of the disorders as distinct from the diseases with which mankind is afflicted arise from the abuse of this drug—surely, surely you will agree with me that a terrible responsibility lies upon those who, forgetful of these plain and certain teachings which the commonest experience can yield, will stimulate people to keep themselves up with glasses of wine and glasses of beer.

The Curse of Heredity.

There is another side as well of this question, and it is no abuse of language to say it is an *awful side*. It would be bad if we men who abuse alcohol were to suffer in ourselves, and to suffer in those around us, whom we love or ought to love, surely that is terrible enough to prevent men from using alcohol freely; but there is even a more terrible statement than that behind. It is not they alone who suffer, but so soon as a man begins to take one drop more than what I have called the physiological quantity, the desire is not only begotten in him, but the desire of it becomes a part of his very nature, and that nature so formed by his acts is calculated to inflict curses inexpressible upon the earth when handed down to the generations that are to follow after him as part and parcel of their being. And I ask—What are you to think of those who are born of drunkards, who come into this world, so to speak, with a curse not only upon them, but *in* them, the terrible desire for that which is to blast them speedily, a desire which no human power can save them from, and which God alone in His wisdom and mercy can protect them from? What an awful thought is this! Can there be any man here present who, if he is taking more than he ought to take, is indifferent to all this? How can he think without dread of this terrible fact—for fact it is, as surely as that two and two make four—that this desire is becoming part of his nature, and

that he is handing it down, not for good, but for the most terrible evil that man can suffer, to generations yet unborn?

Can I say to you any words stronger than these of the terrible effects of the abuse of alcohol? It is when I myself think of all this that I am disposed, as I have said elsewhere, to rush to the opposite extreme, to give up my profession, to give up everything, and to go forth upon a holy crusade, preaching to all men—Beware of this enemy of the race!

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